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Maclean's

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The Referendum Debate It's been nearly 15 months since the Parti Québécois took over in Quebec, and the forces of federalism said "We must do something." They're still trying to figure what. **Page 1**



The Doctor's Blame: Dr. John Marian's patient died on the operating table and Marian not only thought it was because of sloppy medical procedures, he said so. (Continued on page 10)



How vulgar? One thing that Freshwater is not: vulgar. Publisher Bob Guccione is vulgar. Why, how could someone as smart as fellow like him ever put out a magazine that was vulgar? **Page 31**



The first family: Both Hanks and Crutcher and Jessica Tandy fit quite well on their own, but when they are onstage together, as they now are in Broadway's *The Glass Menagerie*, there's the magic happens. **Page 30**



For appearance's sake as if the tyranny of fashion was reined in the Sixties, it was not vanquished. Once again the Canadian woman—young, old, male, female—be lieves You Are What You Wear. **Page 80**



Parodies Lost: Even with John Simon, Moad every of the mediocre and the tasteless, can laugh (and admit to it) at the latest bit of calculated movie madness from the mind of Mel Brooks. **B+**

Interview

With Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin

On January 18, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat recalled his foreign minister from the Middle East peace negotiations in Jerusalem, seemingly writing "This" to the peace saga he himself initiated with his pre-Christmas visit to Israel. Sadat's complaint: "Israeli insists on presenting partial solutions that cannot lead to a just and lasting peace. What were those 'partial solutions'?" While Sadat was demanding complete Israeli withdrawal from territory won in battle and the establishment of an independent Palestinian state, Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin was not prepared to agree. Some of the reasons for this refusal, from which the Israeli-Egyptian peace initiatives seemed unlikely to recover, are apparent in the following conversation with Begin. The Israeli leader was interviewed for *Atlantic* by Meyer Nurnberger, editor of the Toronto-based Jewish Times and a longtime friend of Begin's. Nurnberger suggested the U.S. delegation of Yigal Zee Lurie, the Jewish-Arabian fighters led by Begin in the Forties.

Menachem: *Even some friends of Israel are saying that Palestinian Arabs are oppressed by Israel. Are they being honest?*
Begin: *Here is a case of misuse of a great human concept given to the world by one*

The problem of our time is not who is right or left but who is right or wrong

of the presentism of the 20th century. Woodrow Wilson, creator of the right of national self-determination, helped many nations to achieve independence but a great human concept must be revised. The Arab people have this right expressed in its unperpetrated way in 21 sovereign states stretching from the Persian Gulf to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, an area of 12 million square kilometers. Nobody can deprive the Arab people of this right of national self-determination. The Palestinian Arabs are only a fraction of 1% of that great people in 21 states. Right of self-determination does not apply to fractions of nations. Should it bear any link with about the one million Mexicans living in New Mexico and Texas, within the borders of the United States? Does it apply to anybody on either side of the border to suggest that the Indians of the Mexican people



It was great to see the old gang.
Jack was there, also Barry, Smirnoff, Doug, Geoff, and Paul.
Smirnoff is the one that never changes.

THE HONDA PHENOMENON.

Within the past few years, the success of Honda Civic has turned into a phenomenon. And that's not a word to be used lightly. From ground zero, Honda was an extension of a design philosophy that has made it the largest-selling import in the country and almost the largest-selling car period.

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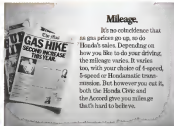
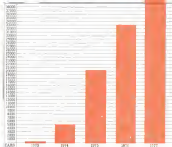
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These figures are rather startling in themselves. And when you think how a lot of Honda owners had to wait for delivery and were glad they did, it's an even bigger surprise. But with all the Honda owners selling for us, we have lots of help.

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Service.

If Honda puts a smile on your face, our dealer network keeps it there. Honda dealers' service people understand every nut and bolt on a car that is, by design, easy for them and convenient for you because it was planned that way from the drawing board. Just about everything on a Honda that needs periodic service or could conceivably require repair can be got at simply by lifting the hood. So service is quick and inexpensive to do. And these days, that alone is something of a phenomenon!



Put a smile on your face. Drive a Honda.

get rights of self-determination and form a state on the United States side? I haven't seen any independent Palestinian groups of the kind. The people have the right to determine their own destiny. Now let us turn to the Middle East, to the beginning in not religion. For instance, the Iraqi shot loudly about no-called self-determination for the Palestinian Arabs. They don't even agree to autonomy for the Kingdom of Jordan. The most ancient nations in this region. The Christian Lebanese would welcome autonomy, at least Syria is occupying Lebanon. It doesn't even occur to them to make such a suggestion. The Jordanians defend the Palestinian Arabs in Jordan and Samara for 19 years. It was quite an oppressive regime. With a gun and nearly with a whip. It never occurred to them to suggest that the Palestinian Arabs be given self-rule, autonomy. The Egyptians ruled Palestinian Arabs in the Gaza Strip, and yet they never suggested that 300,000 or 350,000 Palestinian Arabs there have self-rule. For the first time in history, as the result of an Israeli plan, Palestinian Arabs will enjoy autonomy, at self-rule. We suggested that they should vote soon, through a secret ballot in the most democratic way, an 11-member council which will deal with every aspect of everyday life. We shall not interfere in their daily routine. We shall not interfere in their problems, only security concerns. At Damascus, they expressed this concern to Israel. Otherwise, in no time we shall be attacked by the men who are bent on the destruction of Israel, with their Kibbutzim artillery, with their missiles and we are not going to leave our civilian population in such a mortal danger again. Therefore our proposal is fair, as witnessed by everybody who saw it from the President of the United States.

Maclean: The President said that it was a fair proposal.

Maclean: Of course, and so did the Vice-President of the United States, the Secretary of State and leading Senators, such as Senators Jackson, Case, Senate, the former President of the United States, Gerald Ford, the former secretary of state, Dr. Kissinger. Why is it fair? Because, for the first time in history, we give the Palestinian Arabs self-rule, autonomy. We give the Palestinian Jews autonomy. That is an absolute necessity for both parties. But to try to mind us, to minimize the term "Israeli self-determination," will not succeed because self-determination on the case of the Palestinian Arabs means a Palestinian state. This would spell mortal danger to us, a danger to the whole free world, because in no time their state would become a Soviet base.

Maclean: From your experience with President Sadat, do you believe that the possibility of war between Israel and Egypt has now virtually been eliminated?

Maclean: As President Sadat agreed with me, he attacked me, he said, and both of us repeated those statements. As soon war, no more likelihood, no more

threats. I accepted this declaration of President Sadat sincerely, so let us hope there really won't be any more war between Egypt and Israel.

Maclean: Do you think Egyptian views are among more concerns in the West Bank?



I prefer not to call those who condemn us racists; instead I call us anti-racists

Gaza district and that is exactly what I said to President Sadat.

Maclean: How did Sadat react to your statement that everything is negotiable except the destruction of Israel?

Maclean: He accepted this statement as well. Completely. Therefore he understands that we cannot negotiate with the so-called PLO (Palestine Liberation Organization) which is bent on the destruction of Israel.

Maclean: What does "autonomy" mean for the Palestinian Arabs?

Maclean: Please inform Canadians about the contents of our proposal. The following is the plan for self-rule for Judea, Samaria and Gaza. The self-administration of the military government will be established, administrative autonomy of the residents, by and for them, will be established, the administrative control will be elected by general, personal, equal and secret ballot, the administrative control will be in Jerusalem, all the administrative authority relating to the Arab residents of the areas of Judea, Sa-

maria and the Gaza district will be under the direction and within the competence of the administrative council. The council will operate in the following departments: education, religious affairs, finance, transportation, construction and housing, industry, commerce and tourism, agriculture, health, labor and social welfare, rehabilitation of refugees, justice and the supervision of the local police force. Residents of Judea, Samaria and the Gaza district who, in accordance with the right of free opinion, choose Israeli citizenship, will be entitled to vote for and be elected to the Knesset. Residents of Israel will be entitled to suggest land and settle in the areas of Judea, Samaria and the Gaza district. Arabs, residents of Judea, Samaria and the Gaza district who, in accordance with the free opinion granted them become Israeli citizens, will be entitled to acquire land and settle in Israel.

Maclean: In the last 40 years, since your independence day, you were the minority of the Jewish establishment. How do you feel now being listed as a popular Israeli leader?

Maclean: I never thought, as you put it, that I was a little nation of citizens. There were difficult times in days past. People didn't want to believe that a day would come and the electorate in Israel would enable us to form a government. You know, I met General de Gaulle when he served in the (French) opposition and he said to me:

"Well, I don't know anything about France, so be put it. I don't have any means of power." So for many years I also didn't have the means of power and some people changed the conclusion that perhaps I am not capable of any. But some things changed their minds and we got used to each other. I will not have any bad memories. I believe in the suggestion made by Likud during his second inauguration speech, "with neither law nor sword, charity for all." This is my concept. We have serious problems ahead of us. Let us stand together.

Maclean: How was Vladimir Jabotinsky, at whom you refer as master and teacher?

Maclean: Was he a man of the right? Many claim that you are a rightist.

Maclean: Zeev Jabotinsky is the greatest Jew after Theodor Herzl, and of course he was a master and teacher, as he is the master and teacher of a whole generation of fighters for Israel's freedom and Jewish liberation. He was a liberal of the 19th century—and as far as the terms right and left are concerned I suppose that they are absolutely outdated. They stem from the time of the French Revolution. It was no accident that the Greens sat on the right side and the reds on the left side of the Spectrum of the National Assembly and soon then the Marxists took over the term "left" as a symbol for progress. Now, I read on papers about left-wing nationalists. I suppose that Marx and Engels would have in their subsequent days been very disappointed in these nationalists, which is a complete contradiction in terms, so I think these are

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Where there's a national will, there's a way—but is there a national will?

Column by Robert Lewis

Ever since the Parti Québécois election there has come forth in Canada a flood of devotion aimed at restructuring the country. But the only common aim has been opposition to the status quo. We have had the "New Federalism" of Pierre Trudeau, the "Third Option" pronounced by Pierre Robit, the sovereignty-movement of Lévesque-Morin—all of them, so far, vague and unimpassioned.

From private citizens there has been a plethora of proposals, many modest, some downright outrageous. There have been eloquent pleas, on the one hand, that we have one another and, in contrast, that we simply agree to an amiable divorce, that Ottawa buy off Québec with goodies, or alternately that we Copehousize the province by cutting it adrift. Perhaps the most eloquent of all came when the Task Force on National Unity arrived in Halifax and a woman asked, not her hopes for the future but a piece of fudge: "I thought it was a piece of chocolate." Just like Pierre, each member of the task force, elucidated the other day with characteristic reserve.

Privately, the members of the federalist group tend more to inventiveness and devotion of the enterprise ahead. The harsh truth is that, despite a 15-month exercise in national consciousness-raising since the 10 victory, French and English in this country are still apart. In English Canada the crisis of confidence is a series of media plots, hatched on the Ottawa-Montreal-Québec axis. There is, in English Canada, too little compassion, too little sense of urgency and a stupefying ignorance of the historical context that fuels the march of the Parti Québécois.

In Québec, where the outcome of this debate will really be decided on family, economic and energy are still with the PQ. To be sure, the government's honeymoon is now over and it has made enough blunders to appear defensible in the national opinion. There is, in a word, a new house in the wind of the federalist opposition forces (increased by Claude Ryan's bid for the Québec Liberal leadership) which consistently works with the doom and pessimism of the 1960s.

The new life movement that it is picking up without a struggle only strengthens the Parti Québécois mis-

sage that independence is inevitable.

The erosion of the federalist will in Québec can also be glimpsed in the reactions to the Trudeau drama as they contrast with their government in Ottawa. Philippe de Grandpré, the Supreme Court's brilliant right-wing justice quietly slips from the Ottawa scene after only 30 weeks on the bench, impatient with chief Justice Bora Laskin, whom he regarded as a "mild-mannered" man.

The same dropout factor is evident in



the federal headquarters in Québec. Since the 10 victory there are more regrets in response to offers of national appointments or seats on federal boards, committees and task forces. "They're sitting on their hands," is now one senior Ottawa bureaucrat's official.

Meanwhile, in Anglo Canada, there is a pitiful lack of passion and commitment, starting at the senior levels of government that ought to know better. An Ottawa law example, Premier Bill Davis's extreme visible role in the unity debate and more Brampton lawyer than politician, he marries at the last of new French school openings. What he doesn't see is that the deflation falls tragically short of the promise made in 1967 by his predecessor John Robit, now Pierre's co-chairman.

In Edmonton, Premier Peter Lougheed sits snugly behind his desk, fondling his new levers of oil power, and waits for the best offer, instead of joining the national banquet to greet the accommodation. Like Davis, Lougheed concludes there are no tears at home in bank notes that day

siding Canada, a something both men love to Pierre Trudeau.

Trudeau, meanwhile, has unwittingly or knowingly strayed as the premier's nation-ner. The most significant in his career are gone. From his Anglo monolith there are only occasional interventions on the referendum debate. In Trudeau's personalized showdown with René Lévesque the dual requirement of both sides to keep just short of "body counts" and "vacuums."

As a result of all the bombast the collective economy is dangerously overloaded. By default he has left Pierre Trudeau to carry the French case. It is Trudeau who defines the terms of the debate, rather than the French and someone else, who proposes the solutions (a greater voice in the Senate and Supreme Court is in the works for the provinces, whether they like it or not). But after 10 years of Trudeau, when we have less unity, more should there be early on ways.

Pierre has discovered that, in large measure, the answer is yes, as far as the Prime Minister is concerned. He and Robit have paid a call on Trudeau several weeks ago, just the concept of a "Third Option" as a possible somewhere between what we've got and what Lévesque proposes. Trudeau is skeptical—first, the very next day indicated the action in the House of Commons. Pierre was humiliated.

The same too performance by Trudeau has been evident on a number of other occasions. When Trudeau, for example, offered the provinces a plan to stretch minority education rights in the Constitution, he did so without consulting his own cabinet. Trudeau's speech, apparently, is that in the fight with Lévesque, the polls tell him that so is a strong personal position.

But what happens if Pierre Trudeau is wrong? The trouble with his high-wire act is that all of us could end up in the pit. What he should have, instead, is a broader range of opinion and a strong front of leaders in English Canada who could then mobilize their supporters instead of allowing them to do so. Without more trust and light for federalism, Trudeau will continue to stagger toward a high Noon with Lévesque. But the speakers may not be able to rise.

Robert Lewis is a Quebec writer and a McGill graduate.



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Letters

Clear of head and clear of tongue

In *Anchor/Anker* (December 12) Walter Seawert writes indignantly that I turned up for a radio interview "muffled with drink." This is not true. He also says I mumbled. I never mumbled, unless I've just awakened from the dream which was not the case on this occasion. At the end of the day, an interview with a writer from *The Montreal Star* was scheduled. Thirty-five minutes before the radio interview, I ordered two bottles of beer at the hotel before catching a taxi home. The *Star* interviewer shared these with me. In due course the interview appeared and I didn't mumble. I was wary and belated, as always.

AL PURDY, LONDON, ONT

A member for all regions

Thank you for an unqualified boost to your Reformation Debate series (December 26). As long as we have the steady and consistency of the George Meakins of this country to reflect the legitimate regional attitudes and concerns, there will still be hope for us all.

BRYAN FILLIS, MID LAKE, LAMBTON

The future better take care of itself

Thanks so much for introducing the New Elite in *The More Apparent* (January 9). Without your help we might never have had the chance to meet this wonderful group of young folk. It was nice to hear about Peter Mygatt who was a hero by the time he was 42 and now has five crazy \$15,000 cars as various items of the world. Another new leader we'd all like to meet is Pierre Bessy, past *Neue* champion and married to one of Margaret Trudeau's old roommates. Wow! The grand prize for having arrived goes to a rock impresario

Ivan Vancouver, Bruce Allen, who states "I'm living in a \$300,000 house with a view and I don't care." It is reassuring to have such reigning role models before us in 1979. Now, perhaps we could poll them



Mygatt's cars don't make the man

now on unemployment, Quebec separatism, the terror, human rights, corporate responsibility, the world food crisis, or any other of the real issues we shall be facing this year.

BARRY MURRI, HUNTY PRICE-MURRI, HAMILTON, ONT

I should like to take exception to *The More Apparent* article on Michael Hagler. "But perhaps more troubling is the fact that he is running a national company from Hudson of all places..." the article reads. Such a comment in a magazine ostensibly devoted to national unity serves to undermine one of the major bulwarks of confidence in

the personal superiority complex of our and Canada.

GRANT W. MANUEL, SOUTHAMPTON, NS

I was surprised to read in *The More Apparent* that Jack Webster has a confidence interval hour. Blue hair? Oh, we'll, nobody is perfect. Thanks for a magazine Canadians can be proud of.

BOB BRATY, ST. CATHARINES, ONT

I enjoyed your article on the new faces for 1979 but I feel that you left out a great segment of society that contributes a great deal to the shape the country will take. Is a housewife a "nothing" class? Judge Abella takes pride in the fact that she "worked up until the day before the birth of both her sons." Every housewife works up until the births of her children.

BRENDA OTT, OTTAWA

I applied your commentary on The Class of '76 as it has been my impression that our youth desperately need models to affirm that Canadians are first rate. Having said that, I must express better disappointment at the complete omission of any of the dozens of young men and women in science. These are young scientists in Canada with international reputations who should be inspirational to all Canadians. It seems ludicrous to me that, in trying to come to grips with the vast changes and pressures taking place in Canada, you look to politicians, lawyers, businessmen and athletes. Yet the birth control pill, nuclear fusion, television, satellites, plastics and antibiotics have done far more to revolutionize our lives.

DAVID J. RUDOL, VANCOUVER



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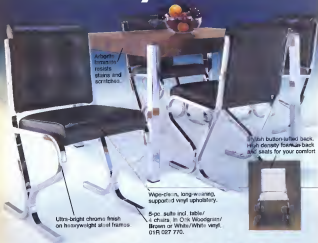
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After reading *The First Apparent* (January 5) I see that even seven old men in Canada's "leading magazine." Do you realize that out of the seven women writers about, five of the articles had physical descriptions of the women (the other two had accompanying pictures), whereas none of the 45 men mentioned had their physical appearance discussed. The exceptions were Jack Withersell, the actor, and the punk rock group, the Deadies, both of whose appearances are a gross part of their work. How does "attractively blond" af-



Judy Fendley looks more than skin deep

fect the work of a politician, "slight, sophisticated" reflect the qualities of a Crown prosecutor, "long legs" say "beast-shaped face" reflect the work of a judge, "ambitious, attractive" affect a clinician's work, and "Texas-bred Lager looks" is like a young Anne Murray. "Now is that going to affect Judy Lager winning her race or not?"

Madison's wake up! It is no longer a prerequisite for women to be ugly to be successful... and so what if they are!

DONNE HARTSHORN, KANICOLVER

Something nice for a change

How rewarding to watch Alvin Karpis, Jr. here out some of his words about Jon Clark in *My, My, How You Read His Mind?* No... But I saw *The Show*! (December 26). Not bad, for what appears to be a first attempt. It is to be hoped he is growing up and won't need quite so much help to get these ideas off the wire.

EDNA MURKIN THUNDER, EAT 0201

A non-solution to all our problems

I found that George Woodcock's *If Confederation Is Indeed Dead, Please Tell Me How Perished It Was* (December 26) was not a constructive contribution to the Referendum Debate. His ideas would not only reduce to a type of "commonwealth" of countries. How can one the phrase "between Quebec and several autonomous English-speaking Canada" be interpreted? How long would such a loose official arrangement last before various provinces sought more security in the American federal system? Indeed, Wood-

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meek's claim that the nation-state concept is obsolete is strange since he has only to look across the border to see it working.

Our present system needs modification and no one has disputed that fact. The federal government has been attempting to work out formulas to bring about constitutional changes but without cooperation from all the provinces. It will have to initiate changes without 100% approval of the provinces. Perhaps a Senate based on the American model will give us the greater regional representation in Ottawa that we seek.

LEO WATKINS, VICTORIA

A lot of what it takes to get along?

There was something deeply disturbing about Why Are There Always Bombs At Mathematics? (December 12). It is not that I disagree with the modern teaching methods used in the Deer Park mathematics program; no one will dispute the fact that practice is as important as theory and that academic subjects may be usefully applied to everyday life. The idea is good. What disturbs me is not that mathematics is being applied, but that it is being applied in such a crassly materialistic way.

It is a terrible commentary on our society to see that this classroom with money outside to the very base of our school system. The Deer Park classroom appears to represent the antithesis of North American

society in microcosm. Here we see "communist's economic and social ideas" learning its fundamental values. Bond issues are being checked, revenues are being "tried up," class consciousness is being taught, and lawyers' fees are being discussed. Remarks range from "BIMM per hour, is that all?" to "I'm going to be a millionaire one day, you know."

Describe new world that has such people in it.

JOHN CURTIS, TORONTO

The wisdom of the night

I read *The Sky's The Limit* (December 30) and I feel that if the military is deemed necessary, let's have it, not a marginally manned, over-manned body looking together the remnants of a basically 500-copied service. In spite of this, the Canadian Armed Forces is doing an outstanding job, but we hope for realistic funding for 20-30 years and sufficient money to do the job. Whether minor, serious or subtle, we are still people and need the tools of our trade and the support of our employees, the people of Canada. The real choice whether to support the military or let the whole world go and peacefully defend.

CHRISTOPHER, HEDFORD

In *Unhappy's The Sky's The Limit* you wrote that the Canadian Armed

Forces should purchase the newest in multi-million-dollar motorboats. Not only would this boost the country's economy, but it should also prove very capable in stopping the Soviet Mag-23 fighters.

BOB THOMPSON, CANADIAN, NYLD

She's here, but she's not in the morning

The Doctor Is In (December 26) on Dr. William Kyte seems to imply that the community of Prince George supported him during his convalescence—"just the spot for me." But now it seems there is no one to support the people of Prince George. The signs of sadness—or is it something else—seem to be everywhere. Where is the cure?

WILLIAM E. WATSON, WINNIPEG

The last rap

How discouraging to find yet another article by our national magazine depicting Winnipeg as yahoos-land. I refer to *The Artist's Struggle* On (November 14). If Winnipeg were really yahoos-land, do you think we would have as the Royal Winnipeg Ballet the oldest ballet company in the country, as in *Contemporary Dancers* the first professional modern dance company in Canada? Why not celebrate the spirit of *Artistic Spirit* and often we have worked to enhance our activities by creating a lively cultural history.

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FEBRUARY 6, 1978

Preview

Ready when you are, Mister Trudeau

It may come as a surprise to a lot of Canadians but, like John Fowl Jones, the Parti Québécois has not yet begun to fight—at least in its own estimation. The strategy is employed, however, and the authorization boxes are merely waiting to be opened, that will occur just after the strike at these major French-language newspapers (*Montreal-Matin*, *Le Press* and *Le Soleil*) is settled—possibly before February ends. Then a measured, meticulously researched propaganda campaign will begin. It will be the result of information gathered and interpreted by a team under Inter-governmental Affairs Minister Claude Morin, information that purports to show, point-by-point, how Quebec has been consistently green short shrift in its dealings with Ottawa. The rhetoric has always been there of course, but now there's documentation. The best way to describe this campaign is to compare it to those World War II naval bombardments that softened up the enemy before the troops hit the beaches. The referendum will be the troops hitting the beaches.

The not-so-lone gunman?

Just when it was starting to look like nothing substantially new could be said or written about the assassination of John Kennedy, something has been. This summer a book called *The Secret Of Jack Ruby* will be published, and it will con-



Martin largely identified

sider that there was a deliberate conspiracy effected by members of the Dallas police department to help Ruby gun down Lee Harvey Oswald. Seth Kantor, an investigative reporter for the *Detroit News* and the author of the book, will name names. Kantor, who covered the story firsthand back in November of 1963, says that on that fateful Sunday an armed



Ruby killing Oswald, with a little help from his "friends"?

Ruby was led to the Dallas County jail and helped to gain access to Oswald by police officers. "Among Dallas police, there were a few who felt Oswald didn't deserve a trial at all. If someone would come in and do it for them..."

The singer, not the song

Anybody who remembers Margaret Trudeau's little song ("Simona Perez I would like to thank you, I would like to sing to you") to the First Lady of Venezuela two years ago will be amazed—or horrified—to learn that Ms. Old Key is about to cut a record in Montreal. It's called *I Need To Feel Loved* and it may become the theme for her movie *Kings And Desperate Men*.

both in love. Tolkien has been involved in the script with writer Jules Halper. "One of my main reasons for doing *Baron*, said Glines, "is that although Popeye was originally written in the early Thirties, it is relevant to the Me Generation today. Popeye said, 'I am what I am and that is all that I am.' That's what young people are saying today and that is the theme of this story."

Glines and Tolkien, Popeye and Hoffman: resemblances noted



Dustin the sailor-man (foot-toots)

They said it couldn't be better—well, somebody must have said that—but it can. And with Popeye is coming to the screen, not as an animated version but a live-people, big-budget musical starring—now get this—Dustin Hoffman as Popeye, Lily Tomlin as Olive Oyl, Jason Robards as Poopdeck Pappy. Peter Rayne as Bluto and Buddy Hackett as Wimpy. Producer Robert Evans expects hitting to start early next year for a Christmas release in 1979. Hoffman, as unlikely as it sounds, is taking acting lessons and



Canada

Never mind what they do, watch what they say



"Jerry Carter let's do something about the economy soon — this is getting ridiculous!"

On February 13, as the old Ottawa railway station that now serves as Canada's second seat of government, the 10 provincial premiers and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau will sit down to discuss the country's ailing economy. The TV cameras will be there along with an estimated 500 reporters and media technicians, including some from the United States, Britain, West Germany and France. Each premier will be backed up by a dozen or so worried-looking aides, and Trudeau will have two that study astounding him. Yet neither federal-provincial conference, a necessarily Canadian institution, will have legs.

What will it all mean? Other than the creation of an election platform for Trudeau, say opposition critics, it won't mean much. They are denouncing attacks, not words, on the economy. But Ottawa says it cannot afford any more immediate stimulation of the economy. The federal deficit is already running at \$9.2 billion for this fiscal year and projections for the next year put it at \$14 billion. Faced with such figures, Ottawa feels it can do little more for the short haul than hope for continued recovery of the U.S. economy. Thus, medium and long-term plans will be the focus of this month's economic summit. But, warns Ottawa Treasurer Darcy McKeough, "I think that is going to be

confusing for the public, to understand the Prime Minister and the premiers are going to have a lot of difficulty convincing the Canadian people that there aren't going to be 100,000 new jobs the day after the conference is over."

A prime goal of the conference, Trudeau said last month, will be to establish "a climate of optimism and confidence in the future." The government is concerned that all the pessimistic opposition talk (Conservative Leader Joe Clark calls 1978 "the year the country chokes down") will become self-fulfilling, not to mention via adverse electoral effects, and prefer to sit tight at the end of the road.

At the conference, the premiers will be shown that light as a 100-page federal paper entitled *Medium-Term Progress and Outlook*. For the next few years it projects an inflation rate of 3.5%, down from last year's 8%, and an unemployment rate of 5%, down from 8.1%. And it says the economy should grow at an annual rate of 3.5% compared to about 3.3% last year. But these forecasts, which lean heavily on the positive impact of the devalued dollar and which some experts consider excessively optimistic, depend on a number of conditions, including a continued slackening in the pace of wage increases.

Accordingly, Ottawa will press the pre-

sents at the conference for agreement on continued restraint of public-sector wages after controls are lifted April 14. The premiers will also be asked to endorse a National Industrial Council, made up of business leaders and, perhaps, federal and provincial officials (labor will also be asked to join, but is expected to refuse). The council would formulate strategies for development in 22 industrial sectors, ranging from airplanes to paper mills.

The proposed council, like the early buildup of controls, marks a further step away from federal management of the economy and toward a more decentralized, market-free system as the Trudeau government continues to drift to the right. Finance Minister Jean Chretien, in a major speech in Montreal last month, bemoaned the "the continued belief in the capacity of political action alone to resolve any problem," and promised to seek the cooperation of business as well as the province. By so doing, Ottawa also hopes to spread the responsibility—or blame—for saving the economy.

But the new approach has not been universally welcomed. In Ottawa, some public servants are appalled at the proposed transfer of power to the provinces and business, in the new council. Only Trudeau's personal intervention kept the

project on the rails. To prevent the council from being sabotaged by foot-dragging, it will be given a deadline of October 31 for making its recommendations.

That deadline is not likely to clarify the opposition. Clark has been calling for unemployment action on the economy in the form of tax cuts, and has labelled the Trudeau administration a "do-nothing government." At the economic summit three months, there were signs the Liberals were growing increasingly sensitive to the criticism. Trudeau's office was sending finance messages to various departments to produce something—anything—to announce in conjunction with the summit to make it look as if action is indeed being taken.

To back up the government's low-key position that it cannot afford more tax cuts or major spending programs, the premiers will be asked for support. Business leaders have already been brought, at a private meeting with Trudeau and Chretien last month, after which Trudeau was able to announce that the businessmen felt "the government was on the right course." But the premiers are politicians, and only two of them belong to the same party as Trudeau. With his cameras focusing on them and a federal election on the horizon, the other eight will be wary of appearing to back the Liberals (especially Quebec's René Lévesque, for one, can be expected to hang back). The two "wild cards," says a key Trudeau aide, are British Columbia's Bill Bennett and Manitoba's Sterling Lyon Bennett (coming to the conference as enthusiastic as a boy going to Disneyland) and has a list of proposals including reduced budget, a change in of expenditure grants and a guaranteed annual income. If he is rebuffed, as is almost certain, he may go away mad. Lyon, a right-wing Conservative who will be attending his first-ever federal-provincial conference as premier, has never concealed his dislike for Trudeau and has called his government "meritocratic and unifying." It will take all the Prime Minister's McLachlanesque skills before the TV cameras to handle those two. If he succeeds, an election should not be far behind.

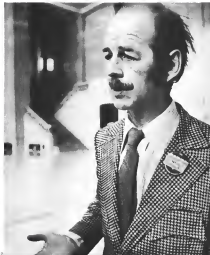
OTTAWA

Thou shalt not see

Gerry McNeil noticed the camera—sat 13A on a DCA, then a 13th-floor hotel room—but they scarcely registered him for the grand announcement that reversing the Supreme Court of Canada ruled 5-4 against his one-man search on provincial movie censorship, leaving him after four weary years, more than \$15,000 in debt.

The judgment last month was not only grounds for McNeil, a 43-year-old reporter for *The Canadian Press* in Ottawa, but for all opponents of censorship as well. Chief Justice Brian Dickson, who dissented

McNeil (above) and Schmeidler in a scene from *Last Tango in New Brunswick*



Can't we be friends? A special report

When the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism asked English and French Canadians 13 years ago if they felt about each other, it found relations between the two groups disturbingly strained. The commission's conclusion shocked the country. "Canada without being fully conscious of the fact is passing through the greatest crisis in its history." Since then, talks for a new Confederation have led the federal bilingualism program has alienated almost everyone, and the Parti Québécois

became aspirations, but could also in part be caused by adverse anglo reactions to the federal government's attempts to bring more francophones into the civil service. Many anglophones took these moves as a threat to their own security. Franco-phones on the other hand they feel more confident about wider use of French in government and business, while the no victory gives them a newfound sense of cultural and linguistic power.

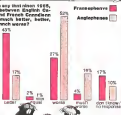
Although English and French Canadians still blame each other for making excessive demands, what is astonishing is that they are now more likely to blame their own group as well. The ideological attitude that "the other guy is to blame for everything" seems to be breaking down. It is as if there were a general reaction against asking for too much no matter who is doing the asking—as much as that 29% of the francophones (compared to 17% in 1965) agree with the statement: French Canadians are trying to gain too

victory has sharpened the focus. The crisis certainly has not lessened, but at least Canadians are now partially aware of it.

How have English- and French-Canadian attitudes changed since 1965? Macdonald and Robitaille commissioned the Montreal-based Centre de recherches sur l'opinion publique (CROP) to conduct a poll parallel to one done for the B and B commission. What they found was that attitudes have neither dramatically improved nor deteriorated—but the makeup of the group being blamed for grievances is changing.

In general, misconceptions and mistrust still divide long-into lines in the representative sample of 2,292 adults interviewed across the country between November 11 and 26 last year. Interestingly, while seven out of 10 anglophone relations have got "worse" (16%) or "much worse" (52%) about half the francophones (51%) are getting "better" (41%) or "much better" (27%).

This probably reflects a greater awareness in English Canada of Que-



became influential in the political affairs of Canada. Seventy-two of anglos from their own group is gaining political influence compared to 17% 13 years ago. The tendency to point to both groups is increasingly as the culprits of being too puny has grown. 30% of francophones (up from 15%) and 26% of anglos (up from 21%) feel that way. Not surprisingly, it is in the West that anglos most feel that francophones are trying to be too bossy in Canadian affairs (72% in Manitoba and Saskatchewan and 71% in Alberta).

The public seems to be becoming catching up with the "live-and-let-live" people's notion that Quebecers have long been trying to sell. Asked if "French Canadians should expect to be limited in any other minority," only 44% of francophones agree compared to 57% in 1965, and

even among anglos there has been a drop to 41% from 65%. Paradoxically, a majority of both anglos (57%) and francophones (66%) believe English Canadians in Quebec should expect to be treated the same as any other minority.

Questions along the lines of the old "would-you-like-your-sister-marry-one?" variety showed some interesting results. More francophones now have anglo friends (13% from 13%), but the contact hasn't gotten a huge success because fewer (48% from 57%) say they actually want anglos as friends. More anglo relatives and far more don't care one way or the other. On the other hand while anglos don't want or don't have more francophone friends than before those opposed to one in the family went down to 5% from 15%. It seems Cana-

dians now still not succeeded in converting the two solutions into an equal working partnership—personal or otherwise.

ANGELA FRANKLIN

Canada, in its own words

Would you like to have (English, French) Canadians among your close friends?

	Francis	Anglo
yes	40%	45%
no	3%	6%
probably yes	19%	19%
does not matter / depends	23%	27%
don't know / no response	15%	2%

Would you like to have (English, French) Canadians among your close relatives?

	Francis	Anglo
yes	38%	30%
no	8%	9%
probably yes	16%	11%
does not matter / depends	34%	38%
don't know / no response	3%	3%



Do you prefer to belong to a club or association of ...

	Francis	Anglo
only your own ethnic group?	16%	3%
different group?	47%	52%
does not matter	31%	31%
prefer to belong to none	2%	6%
don't know / no response	2%	6%

from its own's majority decision, while that province will now have the right to determine not only the model, but the political, social and religious ethos of these for public viewing. The ruling, says McNeil, "will hand the nation back to the region."

A. frankly self-motivated man, McNeil hadly seemed the type to play David to the Goliath corner listed in News Story. The case arose when Luc Fortin, a 30-year-old Maritimer, was charged with sexual assault on a 17-year-old girl. McNeil, then managing editor of the weekly Dartmouth Free Press, began writing editorially condemning the board's decision and finally decided to challenge it head-on in court. He won when the Nova Scotia Criminal Appeal unanimously ruled the case be heard in court. But the Supreme Court had the last word.

If McNeil had challenged a constitutional issue in the United States, his case would have been covered regardless of the outcome. But in Canada, even if he had won, the trial would have been about the same. Though sympathetic, despite \$120,000 in a trust fund for him, McNeil wants about the \$15,000 he still will owe. But for now, he's turned himself to a holiday in Hawaii. JULIANE LACROIX

QUEBEC

René's rage

For Premier René Lévesque, the incident was just more proof that Confederation has to go. But his brain failed to focus the circumstances of the Parti Québécois government's gaffe. Its 181 301 301 301 301 law was presented last August for royal sanction by Lieutenant-Governor Hugué Lapointe in its French version only, as the

Quebecers will be the ones to pay.



new legislation itself required. What the government forgot is that, in Quebec law, Bill 101 should have been the last passed and sponsored under the old rules, which required approval in both languages. The government had run ahead of itself and, six months later, gulped back the drafting mistake that Bill 101 might not be legally in force.

Sharply and quietly, it returned to Lapointe with an English version of the law. But the Queen's representative refused to sign it, for reasons the reluctant Lapointe declined to explain. And then, when Supreme Court Chief Justice John Dickson ruled French-only sanctioning to be unconstitutional under the British North America Act, the government was hit with another challenge to the constitutionality not only of the language law but the dozens of other French-only bills passed since. Dickson's ruling will inevitably be taken to the Supreme Court of Canada. Meanwhile, making even greater embarrassing further down the line, the Quebec government intends to stay away from the court.

TORONTO

The antiilmans

The four men, charged with first-degree murder in the sex slaying last summer of Miki Eranouli, began, crushed each day in the prisoners' court, their faces drawn and partly from almost as months solitary confinement. Outside, the copious array of uniformed and plainclothes police who patrolled the hallway and grounds of the Ontario Supreme Court was telling. The public has more than a casual interest in the "Shoreline Boy" killing, which has had



Defendant Eranouli reading his Bible just after confession in the eyes of the stars

to the most sensational murder trial in years—and which has become, as well, a signal event in Toronto's media history.

All in all, given the occasion, the trial of construction worker Saul David Binstik, 32, and bodyguard-perforer brothers Warren Grouman, 26, Robert Wayne Grouman, 28, and David Woods, 27, will not easily equal the headlines of the Passan Play action in the streets of Toronto last August. Eight days after the body of the 32-year-old Portuguese-Canadian was found in a grassy place on the roof of Charles Argyle's, a Yonge Street bodyguard parlor, some 11,000 people, mostly of Portuguese descent, marched on City Hall and the provincial legislature. They demanded official action to snuff out what they declared was a faltering and defective of justice system and made numerous requests that had overruled the work out of the city's main dock. The boy's death also provoked close vigilantes who hoped residential areas on the city's coast would be made community.

It was hardly surprising that four days and 140 candidates were needed to select a jury. Dozens summoned had already reached a verdict. Others were disqualified when they admitted Muslim prejudice against homosexuals or people who work in bodyguard parlor. Finally, eight men and four women were selected for the disinterested task ahead and were sworn in for 10 days while lawyers argued in closed, or *in secrete*, hearings about admissibility of evidence. And at 145 Yonge Street, police settings had done its work. Late nearly all of its 40 surveillance kits, Charles Argyle was no more. **CHERIL BARKER**

Sunken treasures

Far beyond the ocean shores, there exists beneath the waves, in abyssal plains long considered wasteland—habited only by mud-eating sea spiders, narwhals and blind worms. There two decades ago, an amazing adventure surfaced for mining and steel—mashed rock, potato meal, fresh ketchup on the seabed. Suddenly, the harsh depths became a vast cornucopia. Although technology today still doesn't exist to harvest significant quantities of nodules, American-based mining companies are seeking for solutions—and nations are engaged in debate over who should own the deep-sea wealth.

Early in February, a special two-week session of the United Nations Law of the Sea Conference (LOSC) will open in New York, with 150 nation-participants trying to resolve the young question. The meetings have special implications for Canada: once nodules mining could become major competitors for our land-based nickel operations that produce 45% of the world's supply. The February session is a prelude to the seventh Law of the Sea Conference in March at Geneva. The upcoming talks are crucial since, after nearly five years of cold-war-driven, consensus has been reached on almost all key issues—the 200-



mile limit, freedom of navigation, scientific research in coastal waters, and pollution controls—now the major impetus of deep-sea mining. Many nations are now pressing to resolve the mining issue could come on world treaty in all, which would severely undermine the credibility of the UN as a forum for discussion.

Dozens of UN over deep-sea mining involves two camps: the so-called Group of 77, which now includes 118 mostly developing countries, and the industrialized countries of the West, including the United States, France, West Germany, Japan and the USSR. The Group of 77 favors setting up an International Seabed Authority to mine the nodules and share the revenues among them. These ideas are based on a resolution passed by the UN in 1969 concerning sea-floor resources "the common heritage of mankind." Meanwhile, major American companies have invested more than \$100 million in researching nodules mining and studying

An artist's rendition of both an undersea mining operation and the interior of a nodule, illustrating their wealth under the seabed?



The case of the not-so-fine kettle of fish

The sight of a native fisherman poised to spear his prey or working his nets in the rivers of northern British Columbia is a common one, a legacy from centuries ago when Indians depended on salmon for both food and currency. Now, however, such pastoral scenes are blighted by harvest and overfishing in a community near Hazelton, B.C. where 12 natives from the Gibson and Carrier bands have been charged with illegally selling their catch.

Although Indians may only have season to feed themselves, they have traditionally ignored the ban on selling the fish, and enforcement had been minimal until last summer when the federal fisheries department—clamping down on illegal selling was embarking some species—sent five undercover agents into Hazelton on a six-week operation. As well as the 12 Indians they hunted anti-native "poaching ring."



that had been buying eight-pound salmon by the truckload for one dollar each and selling them in Hazelton for as much as two dollars apiece. The two fishermen pleaded guilty and were fined \$700 each (maximum penalty is \$5,000 a year in jail), but the natives decided to fight and hired Vancouver lawyer Stuart Light, former counsel for American Indian leader Leonard Peltier. Late last month he had won one acquittal, because the undercover agent was too zealous in laying the charge, and lost one conviction, which he plans to appeal.

Unfortunately, the trial ordeal wasn't the last. They point to a 60% unemployment rate and a yearly social assistance bill of more than one million dollars as proof of the need for commercial fishery and perhaps a penny. Fisheries officials say investment in the coastal commercial fleet is already high and the quality of salmon low, but the 4,200 Indians are counting on a bump crop of their own design. Last November they decided sovereignty over 22,000 square miles and a few resources, including, of course, the resources that swim. **KEITH BATT**

gated their technological know-how in carrying out the task. The United States and several other countries favor the common-heritage concept, in principle, but also insist on privately owned mining sites. So documented are the Americans in defending this stance that, at the close of the sixth Law of the Sea session last July, U.S. representative Philip Richardson called for a comprehensive review of U.S. interest in ocean and deep-sea to pull out other countries' intentions regarding not on deep-sea mining had been down up without American approval.

Canada's stance on deep-sea mining has been more in the middle. Although not as troubled, Canada sides with the Group of 77, wanting strict controls over ocean resources established so its mineral experts won't be threatened by so-called mining. But Canada must also protect the private interests of such Canadian companies as Inco and Noranda. Mining, both actively involved with the American-based nodules concept.

The scramble for nodules mining should begin in earnest around the mid-1990s. Initial issues will probably be in the tropical Pacific Ocean, where nodules fields are the richest. There, each black, mud-like nodule contains some 30 different minerals, including four that evoke keen industrial interest—nickel, copper, cobalt and manganese. Over millions of years, nodules have formed after minerals settled on the sea floor and clumped together through a complex chemical process around a nucleus—a shell's worth, for instance, or more likely a fragment of another nodule—until it grew to size.

Nodules were first discovered by the

British test Challenger expedition, the first oceanographic research cruise back in 1873-76, but it was not until 1956 that nodules were recognized for their potential profit. It was a bright, young California marine scientist, John Mero, who first proposed nodules mining in his PhD thesis. Today, an international mining consortium, are competing for nodules, and Mero has acted as consultant for all of them. Competition is stiff, since the resources are in the land "it's like a bone mine," Mero says. "The players may change position many times."

Last last month, a converted oiler, the 10,000-ton, set off for a seven destination cruise to the west, where it was planned to start nodules mining at a three-mile depth—a first in mining research. The ship belongs to Ocean Minerals Inc., 25% owned by two U.S. A highly sophisticated "nodules" already with task nodules from the seabed.

Canadian delegates at Geneva will be led by a veteran of last session, Alan Forsyth, now Canada's High Commissioner in Australia. He and Kenneth Aitken, Minister of the Environment, a Newfoundlandian with an ardent interest in sea affairs, will suggest limits for nickel production in the deep sea based on 100% of the annual rate in total world demand for the mineral during the first seven years of operations, with 50% thereafter (the International Composite Negotiating Text produced at the last session set a limit of 80% after seven years). Canadians will also insist that deep-sea mining not be heavily subsidized, which would make it as profitable as exploitation for our land-based operations.

Producing possible breakdown of 100 megawatts, reactors such as the United States, Finland and Japan are prepared to involve unilateral legislation on despatching. But passing such legislation is a two-front tactic, and the upcoming German elections might agree on a Canadian suggestion: a "parallel system" of despatching, meaning that would split nuclear sites on a 50-50 basis between the International Seabed Authority and private interests. Should talks break down, the developing countries stand to suffer most—not necessarily in terms of instant wealth (it's the initial years that countries would probably make less than a billion dollars) but in access to technology that would take three years to duplicate on their own. At worst, many diplomats fear, lack of treaty agreement could result in a chronic energy gap with all the attendant turmoil and shelling of 19th-century colonialism—an uneasy day for "the common heritage of mankind."

JULIANNE CARROUSE

It came from outer space

The seeds of Star Wars were sown about a half a century ago when the Soviet Cosmos 954 satellite with its nuclear reactor landed over Canada. Not that a minor military interest that came from Washington and Moscow was enough to alarm the heart of Duro Vader himself.

The cooperation between the super-powers, the scientific solidarity over "one of their own going wrong," was almost touching. But there was a curious lack of concern for potential violence, and there was a definite impression to promote conversations between Maclean's and the Pentagon that not only would it be positive for Canada to complete, it might even be considered a weapon—once through the five-line Cosmos could be just the first of many spy satellites to fall.

In the future, mechanical trouble will be a less likely than enemy sabotage. More than anywhere else, the space accident that ended over the Northwest Territories has highlighted preparations now being made for war above the earth. In any future war, satellites will be of paramount importance. They will be used for battle communications, they will be sent into space where the other's major weapons systems are they will guide long-range missiles. Obviously, the satellites themselves will be high-priority targets.

Last September 18, the Soviets launched Cosmos 954 from a "cosmodrome" near Tyura Tam. It was supposed to circle the earth at a height of 150 miles and its mission was naval reconnaissance. For some reason the engines malfunctioned and the satellite began a gradual descent in early December. Two weeks later one of the world's leaders, including Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, knew about it, but decided against telling the public in case there was panic. There has been what amounts to a suppression conspiracy ever since to play down the incident—under the Kramlin near the White House wants to talk about spy satellites.

Officials at the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration, for instance, were quick to point out that there are now 4,500 man-made objects—ranging from a Hasselblad camera dropped by an astronaut to million-ton machines—whirling through space in every direction. On average, they fall to earth at one of once a day, and most burn to dust before striking. Hundreds of pieces of junk have fallen on northern Canada, although U.S. officials deny that we get any more than "a fair share."

That may be cold comfort as years ahead, as the Star Wars project may put their peace. Last September the U.S. Air Force awarded the Hughes Corporation of Dallas a \$58.7 million contract to design a

"satellite killer," and it could be ready as a year or so. The basic idea is for rockets to carry the killers into space where they will be launched to hunt their prey. Military sources have described the "killers" as a highly maneuverable bus-shaped cylinder, about a foot long and eight inches in diameter, that will carry the engineers. But it will run the target satellite as both vehicles fly at thousands of miles an hour.

The United States has given contracts to three other contractors to design anti-satellite weapons. An anti-satellite already sold a contract in Washington that one of the best ways to knock down a satellite is simply to have a rocket scatter tons of ordinary ground in its path. The stones would be traveling at such enormous speeds that impact with the satellite would wipe it out. American intelligence reports that the Soviets have perfected at least one form of killer satellite which would close in on an enemy satellite and then explode, bringing down the opposition in a nuclear style.

The most seriously effective weapon for space is said to be the laser beam, but its development is slow. "There's a sort of tug-of-war race between Moscow and Washington," said one U.S. arms race specialist. "It will be fifteen to 20 years before we know who has won." Meanwhile the case of Cosmos 954 has led to suggestions that space will be needed in the upcoming Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. It has also been pointed out that the 1967 outer-space treaty between the United States and the Soviet Union prohibits both countries from putting into orbit any objects "carrying nuclear weapons or any other kinds of weapons of mass destruction." Asked if current preparations for satellite killers and the like were not breaking the treaty, a Pentagon official casually replied: "We're already involved in testing and experimenting. The treaty doesn't affect us."

WILLIAM LOWMYER



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The Doctor's Dilemma

John Marian pointed the finger. His peers cut it off By Michael Posner

These are the plain facts: Albert underwent surgery on the morning of June 7, 1973, at Beth Israel Medical Center. He was wheeled into Operating Room One of Southwestern City Hospital for surgery. His condition had been diagnosed as a recurrent peripheral aneurysm of the right leg—a balloon artery—and because of his age, 66, and a previous heart attack, he had been labeled "high risk." He seemed healthy to the majority of surgical staff. The attending surgeon was John Marian.

At 55, Marian had been practicing medicine for 30 years. He was a general surgeon. He was given a general anesthetic by Dr. Bela Barsanyi. The work of his lungs was taken over by a respiratory machine. An endotracheal tube was inserted into his windpipe; the other end was connected to the respirator. An anesthesiologist, Dr. Barsanyi, delivered oxygen and anesthetic gases. To maintain muscular relaxation, he used the potent, intravenously-administered succinylcholine—otherwise known as succinylcholine, a rapidly metabolizing drug that required regular repeat dosages via the intravenous drip.

Four years after the event, there is still no definitive record of exactly what happened that morning. What is known is that at eight-thirty, Dr. Barsanyi, the anesthesiologist, left the operating room to keep an urgent personal appointment at the cancer clinic. By prior arrangement, Barsanyi's position was assumed by Dr. Christopher Kikloff, who—at a hospital—was also the anesthesiologist for another concurrent operation. While Kikloff was occupied with his other patient, Albert Kac's anesthesia fell into the uncertain hands of Kelly Chu, a third-year medical student (an internist) who had spent less than three weeks in the operating room. Between eight-thirty and nine-thirty, according to Chu, Kikloff was absent for three intervals of about five minutes each.

It requires no great leap of credulity to suggest that without Christopher Kikloff, Kelly Chu was ill-equipped to understand adequately even the most basic anesthetic danger signals. Anesthesiologists are not a science. In no way make risks are taken to the human body. Administering poison, the skilled anesthesiologist leads his patient half way toward death. He is being born. Some argue, others within comprehending quite how the poison works. But pharmacological tolerances are low and unpredictable. Too much too soon, and little too late, and the poison can become upon which life may be irreversibly spent.

In retrospect, the clinical events that postulated Albert Kac's curious arrest and ultimately his death seem almost predictable. At eight-fifty-five, observing a red mark on the patient's face, Kikloff asked Chu if the respiratory machine was still on. She said no. He said Kelly and "No." And he said to Kelly, "I would suspect that this patient may well be feeling pain. I think you should give him some Demerol."

Chu repeated the Demerol into the vein. Kikloff left the room. But anesthesi-

only, the anesthetic drip—the paralytic agent—had been allowed to work too slowly. Without its carefully timed, carefully measured application, Kac's muscles soon returned. He began to breathe spontaneously—fighting the action of the respirator. As he strained against the machine, pressure build-up in the chest cavity, decreasing the volume of blood returning to the heart. Kac's blood pressure dropped precipitously. No fresh oxygenated blood was available to pump to the organs. The heart stopped.

Every machine had its logical consequences, all traceable to the faulty application of the anesthetic drip. A graduate Kelly Chu understood as perfectly as best. Possibly Albert Kac might have died even if Kikloff—a specialist with years of experience and a former chief of anesthesiology at City Hospital—had been present at the critical moment. It is possible that Kikloff wasn't there; that is the one final and irrefutable point. He wasn't there.

By the time he returned, together with three other specialists and the hospital's crash-cart of emergency equipment, Kac's oxygen-saturated blood had been allowed beyond repair. Stenosis and pleural effusion kept him alive for a week, until the family signed the papers which allowed the doctors to instruct the nurses to turn off the respirator.

Eighteen months later, an extraordinarily long funeral, an inquest was held. It lasted ten days, yielded volumes of testimony, but concluded inconclusively that Albert Kac had died of cardiac arrest and pulmonary edema, so do so all. The inquest found no negligence attached to blame offered no recommendations. Of the fact that two operations had been scheduled simultaneously for

Marian, the prosecution has ways of dealing with his kind



Anesthetist said not present during part of operation

Dr. Bela Barsanyi, anesthesiologist, said he was not present during part of the operation. He was called to the cancer clinic at 8:30 p.m. and did not return until 9:15 p.m. Dr. Christopher Kikloff, anesthesiologist, said he was present during the operation. He was called to the cancer clinic at 8:30 p.m. and did not return until 9:15 p.m.

Inquest told medical students unattended

The inquest told medical students that the operation was unattended. The inquest found no negligence attached to blame offered no recommendations. Of the fact that two operations had been scheduled simultaneously for



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only one, and took on so official one Justice was sure to be done.

Most of the principals in the Koe affair suffered no accusations. Dr. Bennett, a former refugee, continued to practice at City Hospital, but will not talk about the case. "I am sorry," he explains, "and I wish to remain a small fry." Kelly Chen, now a family practitioner in Victoria, is likewise anxious to avoid recrimination of the past. "I was only a student. It was very pretty. I still don't remember. But what happened I'd rather not discuss it." Christopher Kiddell has moved from City Hospital to Saskatoon's University Hospital, where he is chief of anaesthetic services, an active area of medicine—far from medical courts—a force to reckon with.

One actress, however, was ruined. Within two weeks of the end of the Koe inquiry, the medical advisory committee of City Hospital, the most powerful of all hospital committees, had recommended the dismissal of Koe's physicians, presiding surgeon John Marian.

The official charge against Marian was one incompetence, and added in the long campaign of vilification that followed, nothing positive was ever said about his surgery with cutting tools. He was charged instead with being "a disruptive influence" within the hospital, a general explosion for having frayed some ends in the buttocks of the body politic. He was indefinitely guilty. For years, he had been an advocate of patients' rights, a vocal critic of inept hospital procedures, a passionate memorializer of women—driven by some incautious step to forget our malpractice and to document the dubious property of various academic shorthands.

High on his list of enemies was what he saw as the anesthetic practice of double booking, a system under which two patients in separate operating theatres received anaesthesia simultaneously by one operator. Since neither team could have the capacity for being in two places at once, the patients anaesthetized would, from time to time, be interrupted by an aneurism or resident—an arrangement Marian and many other surgeons regarded as profoundly lethal. It was double booking, Marian argued, that led to the death of Albert King.

The anaesthetists agreed that double booking was less than ideal, but pleaded staff shortages. Yet the same shortages existed in other operating rooms and in none of them—outside of a single hospital—was it deemed acceptable to leave residents or interns in charge of anaesthesia. Of course, John Marian had compiled an impressive track record of almost half a century before his dismissal from City Hospital. In North Saskatchewan in the mid-Fifties, where he had settled after emigrating from Britain, his surgical prodigies were so respected after he exposed multiple incidences of needless surgery at Notre Dame Hospital. A provincial inquiry subsequently exonerated Marian and restored his position.

In 1969, Marian quarrelled with Dr. George

Wynn, chief of anaesthesia, over double bookings in University Hospital in Saskatoon, and later based lawyers to force the hospital board to investigate the discrepancy. A closed inquiry ruled against Marian, and the hospital expelled him. It gave no reason. Marian won an injunction barring that dismissal, but the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal, examining only whether a hospital board might legitimately expel a doctor without visiting cause, overruled the injunction.

A more cautious anaesthetist moved steadily after that, but Marian maintained his rigid pace. He found a new vanguard—specialists capturing general practitioners in surgery, a procedural convenience that allowed family doctors to get surgical training, but one frowned on by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. Marian searched opening rooms to recruit residents and while hospital authorities requested by report, he kept on. He learned later that officials had promptly made copies available to the physicians named—the more family doctors on whom Marian depended for referrals. The trails in a forced practice do not disappear so thoroughly.

Make no mistake. John Marian was a royal surgeon. He was skilled and he was rigid, not only opinionated but adamant in his opinions. Her own medical ethics had been sacrificed for expediency, or for money, and he was not the least bit reluctant to point his finger. The profession could not love him, not even his kin, but it shuddered his comings—shook it, that is, until Marian broke another's own area now of conduct becoming and took his criticisms to the public.

"I did the unfathomable. I spoke out loud. They can forgive me that, but never a better. You can walk like hell within the system. You can even talk and cheat. But you must never disclose the secrets of the other patients. That becomes the anesthesiologist's office."

In the end, the question was not so much whether John Marian was disruptive—he was certainly that—but why he was disruptive and with what justification. This was a landscape of injury the fathers of City Hospital chose not to ignore.

The Albert Koe inquiry ended on Saturday, February 1, 1975. The following Monday, five anaesthetists at City Hospital

Inquest jury absolves hospital, staff in death

AN INQUEST JURY has absolved the staff of City Hospital in the death of Albert Koe, a 58-year-old man who died after surgery for a heart condition. The jury found that the death was due to a sudden cardiac arrest, and that the medical staff had acted reasonably and in accordance with the standards of the profession. The inquest was held at the City Hospital, and was attended by a large number of people, including family members and medical professionals. The jury's findings were a relief to many of the staff, who had been under a great deal of pressure during the inquiry.

refused to work with Marian Dr. Dale Zorh, chief of anaesthesia, resigned. In turn, the hospital's medical advisory committee (MAC) met the same day and began to meet the scaffolding for Marian's exit. A three-member subcommittee met several to determine whether the two-week sabbatical was a disruptive influence. The subcommittee included 44 members of hospital staff, including anaesthetists, department chiefs, surgeons, pathologists, radiologists and nurses (but did not contain Marian himself). It concluded that Marian was more disruptive than other factors in SCA, but recommended that he remain on active staff, providing he observe all hospital bylaws and agree in writing to work "through normal channels to achieve his goals."

On February 10, the subcommittee submitted its report to the MAC. The MAC was not amused. It was awaiting a verdict regarding capital punishment and the jury had requested leniency. MAC members sent the subcommittee a letter at the report. Orthopedic surgeon John Noble said it was unacceptable to ask Marian to recognize hospital bylaws year after year was required to sign a pledge to that effect every year. On February 11, the executive committee of city's board of directors unanimously recommended Marian's dismissal. Under hospital bylaws, however, the full board could not act without prior consultation with the MAC. Accordingly, the MAC met again on February 13 and in 90 minutes delivered itself from civil, considering Marian's activities as unacceptable.

Ten days later, Marian was expelled. He

wrote immediately to Health Minister Walter Siroch requesting an appeal hearing. Including adjournments, the hearing ran four months, but Marian's absence from work had been the start. His lawyer, George Taylor, a Saskatoon attorney and a leading authority on administrative law, could not defend him, since, as a member of City Hospital's board of governors, he would have been in conflict of interest. Marian's second choice, Justice Grady, refused a hearing during the proceedings, leaving Marian temporarily in charge of his own defence.

Worse, the hearing chairman, retired justice Harold Pope, refused to hear testimony pertaining to double booking. If the practice were in fact commonplace, then Marian's refusal to conform should not be considered disruptive. Marian lost that argument and the appeal. With rare exceptions, he has not worked since.

Ironically, while John Marian's freedom was being slowly but surely destroyed, provincial authorities began moving under pressure to investigate his long-standing complaints. In the fall of 1975, just after his cardiologist Robert Cooper took up the Marian case, Health Minister Siroch announced formation of a committee that would look directly at anaesthesia in Saskatchewan. Looking, of course, did not necessarily mean doing.

Chaired by Manitoba law professor David Anderson, the committee had all the clout of a long-legended body. It represented no ministers or hospital interests. Those who appeared before it were not given protection by the Canada Evidence Act and

the committee's own members swore on oaths of secrecy on the testimony they heard. Many critics of double booking—and of its root-of-evil, double billing, by which anaesthetists managed to be paid twice for the same hour worked—consequently refused to leave the room. Strong people (For the same reason, two pre-Marian anaesthetists had appeared on the city's Ombudsman in shadow, their views electronically disguised.)

Nor did the Anderson inquiry permit evidence of double billing with much. Examination of hospital records was confined to one 12-month period and the province's hospital ledger reported that its own operating room ledger for most of that year was, unavailably, missing.

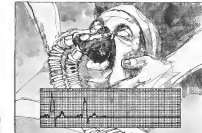
The committee's very composition did nothing to allay suspicions that its findings had been all but predetermined. One of its members was surgeon John Noble, who had lobbied vigorously for John Marian's dismissal from City Hospital. Another was Dr. MacDonald, who, in his hands of anaesthesia at Flanagan Hospital in Regina, was essentially investigating his own department. A year before the committee was formed, MacDonald had testified in defence of double booking at another commission of inquiry.

The final report was a new benchmark for bland neutrality, thus allowing both sides to embrace it in confirming their views. It read medical officers ought not to regulate anaesthesia (as had inquiry respondents) but it said the province's anaesthetists had a safety record they could be proud of. There did seem to be some criticism of anaesthetists willing to be paid for anaesthesia services and Saskatchewan's medical care insurance commission had forthrightly refused to be party to such chatter—but the committee expressed the view that goodwill would triumph and everything would work out in the end. David Anderson went back to his law school and the anaesthetists went back to their operating rooms, at best moving a few centimeters closer to their own destruction.

The results of the health minister's second major initiative—the Dr. Wagner commission on ethics in relation to health care—are still pending. The report was resolved more than a year ago, but has not yet been apparently for political reasons.

John Inquest—a middle-aged man of upturned nose—Marian, 58 years, 1.58 m tall, a short, thin man with light hair and a thick chest. His face has a slightly intense cast, an expression underlined by his gaunet and by the way he wears his hair—slicked straight back from the forehead. He has tiny, elongated eyes and a long nose and in general appearance resembles a kind of miniature Winston Churchill.

In recent months, Marian's home has been a rented, two-bedroom house in an older section of Saskatoon, which he shares with a young married couple of no relation. The floor is bare. The furniture



Report says anaesthesia practiced safely

A REPORT BY THE ALBERT Koe inquiry committee has found that the anaesthesia practiced by the staff of City Hospital was safe. The report, which was released last week, stated that the committee found no evidence of negligence or malpractice on the part of the medical staff. The committee also found that the hospital's procedures for anaesthesia were generally sound, although there were some areas for improvement. The report is a significant finding, as it clears the staff of the hospital of any wrongdoing in the death of Albert Koe.

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Saskatoon City Hospital board cancels professional privileges of Dr. Marian

THE SASKATOON CITY Hospital board has cancelled the professional privileges of Dr. John Marian, the surgeon who was found responsible for the death of Albert Koe. The board's decision was announced last week, and it is a significant move, as it effectively removes Dr. Marian from the hospital's medical staff. The board's decision was based on the findings of the Koe inquiry, which found that Dr. Marian had acted negligently in the death of Koe.

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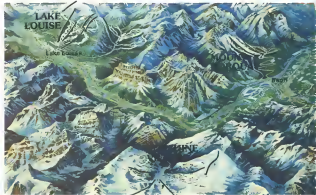
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"Is it cotton, peanuts and tomatoes? Is it tobacco? Is it a part of our heritage?"

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might have been taken from the lobby of a hotel named a generation ago. On the walls hang oil paintings, testifies to those one finds for sale in supermarkets for \$1.99 with coupons. Martin does not own a car or a television set.

His diet, like his income, is spartan. He avoids meat, salt and sugar. He prepares his own yogurt, drinks nothing stronger than herbal tea and snacks on raisins and crushed sunflower seeds. "I have only to look at food to get hungry," he explains. His voice is soft, but thick and raspy, it keeps a tempo of defeat.

Martin's family is straggled. His wife and he were divorced in 1974, his problems with alcohol often not the least cause of friction. He does not talk to his 20-year-old daughter, nor to his son, John Jr., "one of the original flower people," lives in Garden Bay, N.C. They speak infrequently. The Martin family home, a 1½-room affair in a near state of ruin, was told to pay his legal costs—about \$10,000 in total. He has few friends, many enemies. It is a reflection of the level of fear of Saskatchewan that only the latter are willing to speak for publication, even if they choose their words with care. Martin's original prison life, dormant, his tracing of some. Technically he is located to operate at Saskatchewan's St. Paul's Hospital, he gets no referrals. Physicians who once sent him candidates for surgery are no longer heard from, the order of disgrace may be contagious.

Once a week, performing the duties of a doctor, he performs rounds with other doctors at St. Paul's. He feels no anxiety, but there is no mistaking the unsettling effect of his presence. He is an embarrassment, a parish during to appear in public. In and out of the hospital, after examination would be happy to be rid of him, except that a doctor who does not operate is unlikely to make mistakes and so provide grounds for dismissal.

Yet effectively, indeed absolutely, Martin has been exiled from the practice of medicine. Were he to attempt a move to another province or to the United States, he would need references, and it would take a tough option to suppose that the same conditions who awarded his privileges would recommend him to another doctor. He is a man without practicable options and the day cannot be far off when he will be forced to take work as a clerk or a taxi driver simply to pay his rent.

His contempt for reform has not been entirely unavailing. Double booking now seems under control, and the level of public awareness on medical questions has been raised significantly. But clearly these were psychic victories. The issue was not whether the scientific department at City Hospital was guilty of double booking. The issue was whether John Martin could violate the profession's code of secrecy with impunity. The winner of that conflict cannot be in doubt and there is no reason to believe that the next incident will fare any better.



It's Peter's scotch. Isn't it yours?

The fourth wise man

Marc Lalonde: wrong man, wrong place, wrong time? By Barbara Amiel

Everything is difficult. He has three hours to kill before attending a dinner dance at Toronto's Radisson & Rascals Club, and the Honourable Marc Lalonde, Minister of State for Federal-Provincial Relations, is hanging loose. "You see, we're really all terrified of him because he has no sense of humour," says his press secretary affectionately as Lalonde is ushered into another Newfie joke, stopping before the purchase on the corner of the street opposite the Royal Ontario Museum to buy a super-sized bag of popcorn.

"As when the Newfie husband poured the gas at his own head, his wife is told with her lover begins to laugh. 'Why are you laughing?' asked the husband. 'You're not!'" Lalonde keeps smiling when he discovers that it is 6:30 pm and the Royal Ontario Museum is closed. "It ought to be open," he says and examinations of legislation on the hours of his supported institutions lower in the ether.

At the coffee shop in the basement of the posh Hamilton Lanes shopping development a few blocks away a minute of burs the entrance. Lalonde is still smiling. Occasionally a casual driver tonight he is seated up for head table at Versailles. His three-piece suit, paragoned man later at a seminar again from 24 Sussex Drive. The minute of is not debased. "Dinner?" he asks in front of the first set of open-air wavy tables. "I think not," replies the Hon. Marc Lalonde. "Just some espresso, maybe a glass of wine." The minute of becomes quiet. "We do not cater to the coffee house," he rules. The Minister of State industrially studies, and turns away. "They'll stare on their grids," he says happily.

The evening lengthens. Lalonde's affable restraint obliging in spite of its difficult subplots and in the face of clearly uncomfortable linguistic problems. "Coffee or?" asks the waitress in a neighbouring restaurant. "Cappuccino," replies Lalonde. "Coffee as well?" she demands. Lalonde's long face broadens over the menu. The noise booms and descends with obvious, its regularly explained by a single sleeping episode of forehead forever shadowed by hair. It is the face of a Bourbon, all exaggerated planes and busy-kidded eyes. Perhaps memories of the first of Louis XIV's mistresses who complained to the royal physician that her bedroom nights twice a day were too long at her age of 73) are flickering in the mind of Lalonde's press secretary when she asks in between coffee and brandy, whether or not Mr. Lalonde's face is sexy. "Many women think so," she says mischievously.



Lalonde looks stung by the question which certainly puts his features, commonly described as "amiable" or even "Tor-bolking," in a more culpable light. But even an extraordinary wave of Lalonde's personal charm will not solve the Minister of State's problems. His appointment to the reserve post of Minister of State for Federal-Provincial Relations has not received universal acclaim. On the day he was sworn into the job of gluing together Canada's autonomy-happy provincial units, he set some sort of negative record by quipping to get the thumbs down from both Alberta premier Peter Lougheed and Ontario's Bill Davis. "He's not the right

man," muttered Don Darky. The lead editorial in Toronto's Globe and Mail called the appointment an unresolvable mistake. "With what government could Mr. Lalonde relate?" asked the Globe. "None!" On a grass-roots level, Lalonde found himself dodging flying cream pies as he walked into a Vancouver radio station to promote his message of federalism and friendship.

Now, here is the grimmest atmosphere of a Toronto coffeehouse. Lalonde seems at first to embolden those critics who label him intransigent, arrogant and cold. But when Lalonde is questioned about the income redistribution policy he helped develop as former Minister of Health and

Welfare, the Minister of State suffers a sea change.

"Doesn't income redistribution fail to take into account the different value of each Canadian's contribution to the economy?" Lalonde is asked. Inevitably, a little Quebec way of Quebec's accent.

"I don't think," replies Lalonde. In fact very mild. "But you understand our policy. I am concerned with a floor for everybody, of course. But at present the differences in income between rich and poor are too great. We must close the gap."

"Yes, but why?" Lalonde suffers. "It is more part." And he closes the discussion. In the plus second, both the controversy that has swirled around the appointment of Marc Lalonde and the announcement that Prime Minister Trudeau would name him to such administrative jobs are clarified. Lalonde reflects what seems to some people pretty much the basic problem today with all-fair Liberalism. They don't agree then come they take it for granted. Positions are declared on cathedrals and then Canadians are lectured on them.

To talk about Lalonde is to talk about Pierre Elliott Trudeau—but not in the beginning of course. Trudeau came from the abundant wealth of chauffeur-driven limousines and private schools. Lalonde, a tenth-generation Canadian, was the first of his family to touch with the land and leave the farm at St. Pierre for the university. Still, he won his academic credentials with distinction. He graduated in law from the University of Montreal with a Master's degree and scholarships that enabled him to get a graduate degree in economics and political science from Oxford. He taught at the University of Montreal, lectured at the University of Ottawa and managed to work in a year as special assistant to David P. Polson, then minister of justice. In the mid-60s he came together with that group of Quebec intellectuals—Trudeau, Jean Marchand and Gérard Pelletier—who were seeking to lead Quebec away from the long-standing state of special status into the promised land of special equality. Lalonde joined Trudeau to sign the 1966 manifesto *Pour une Politique provinciale* which, among other things, announced separation as a solution to Quebec's problems. Trudeau and Lalonde threw in their lot with federalism and moved quickly to nail down power. Though both were social democrats in political inclination, Trudeau, and then Lalonde, joined the Liberal party with only a minor. Power was the object and, besides, they had confidence they could make the Liberal Party in their own image. They did, though the cent in Canada has been an unenviable seat and a weak Liberal Party. In 1987 Lalonde returned again as special policy adviser to Prime Minister Lester Pearson and became part behind the rising star of Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

They were a strong but complementary couple. Trudeau, somewhat sophisticated, a creature in the hand-tracked



Own a bottle.

photobooth of his stargazer eyes peering through slats, always steady with an ever, quick thrust at the poem or a crowd-pleasing gesture. One step behind, just slightly out of focus, much like the composition of the large framed photograph in his office, was Marie Lalonde. In 1990s Lalonde was awkward, unassuming, more often than not directing his words to the edges of his broad-tipped shoes. His clipped phrases falling neatly on the ears of restless listeners. But on an administrative level he was the complete professional and ran a tough ship. Scores of his marauding hordes of employees ("I want that man out of there by three o'clock") became part of the Lalonde mythology. Lalonde became known for the quick drop. Said son Serge Jossel, "Marched would hit you on the head and then ask you if you were alright and give you an ice pack and Aspirin. Lalonde just hit you on the head. You provide your own analgesic."

While Trudeau kept himself busy when actually speaking or philosophizing (often, to the country's bewilderment, and loud confusion) it was Lalonde who was out in the trenches doing the muddy work implementing the Prime Minister's last thoughts. Explained Liberal son Pierre De Baul, "When Trudeau was deciding if he should run for the forthcoming election, all my life I have been interested in one of two questions—civil liberties and the Constitution. If I become Prime Minister, I'll

have to worry about the wheat heard!" But not with Marie or a dozen more-Marie to take care of the realities of life for the philosopher-king. As Jossel put it, "Trudeau is the humanist. Lalonde is the military man. He's the demagogue that Trudeau doesn't like to be."

In the makeup room of Studio Six at Toronto's CBC, Marie Lalonde is getting ready for an appearance on a local public affairs show. The producer is close to hysterics, her coaxed heels clumping up and down the stairs and her trunks jangling in recorders and secretaries as she tries to cope with Lalonde's slightly late arrival and the shortage of rehearsal time. Lalonde is enigmatic to the backstage carry-on and is beaming at the busy coherent producer (female), the makeup person (female) and the script assistant (female). "It is so good to see women coming along now so well at the CBC," he says quickly shifting into his vocabulary as Minister (Responsible for the Status of Women). He seems unaware that women have been in those jobs at the CBC for at least 20 years.

Back at his home in Montreal, Madame Lalonde, a delicate, exquisitely toned woman, is carrying on her chores as mother and housewife. "I want to meet to Graham and his wife Marc but he..." she shrugs her shoulders and starts the soup. "I don't like to discuss politics or my work with my wife," explains the Minister

Responsible for the Status of Women on the drive from his bachelor apartment in Ottawa to his weekend and holiday home in Montreal. "At home I want to rest." At the dinner table in the Outremont dining room he sits celebrating conversation while Madame Lalonde carries the steaming glasses of food in and out of the dining room. "It was a good day!" she tells her husband minutes in broken English as a courtesy to a waiting English guest. Her husband grins and asks the children about their plans for that evening.

Back in the television studio Lalonde signs into the vocabulary of the Minister of State for Federal-Provincial Relations. Now he is a military man. What will be his strategy for the upcoming referendum debate? "If you are a general in a battle," Lalonde replies, "one thing a good general never does is broadcast his strategy to the enemy."

Rachel Karpov: There will be no compromise with federalism. We will never accept general issues for any province. The Parti Québécois is a state of war.

It is, perhaps, this vocabulary of absolutes that led Quebec New Democratic leader Stephen Lewis to talk about the federal government's "psychic of rapid protest" and the "self-image of the federal Liberal." But when it comes to vocabulary—or philosophy—come easily to Marie Lalonde, who managed to go from working for the Federal Progressive Conservatives

A piece of Canadian aviation history lost and found in a lake bottom.

Go back to 1919. A Curtiss HS-2L flying boat named "La Vigilance" with pilot Stuart Graham at the controls performs the first forestry flights in Canada. Three years later while flying the same aircraft for Canada's pioneer air transportation company, Laurendeau Air Service Ltd., another pilot, Don Foss is forced down by bad weather into a small unmarked Ontario lake (now Foss Lake) and crashes during a later attempt to take off. The crew survives but the remains of "La Vigilance" settle into the silt for almost a half a century. The Curtiss HS-2L becomes obsolete. As far as anyone knows there isn't a single example of this historic bush plane left in the world.

In 1968 Kapsalosing businessman Don Campbell locates the wreck of an old biplane flying boat. He thinks it might be an HS-2L and contacts Canada's National Aeronautical Collection. Reconstructing a

one-of-a-kind airplane is nothing new at the National Aeronautical Collection, part of the National Museum of Science and Technology and funded by the National Museums of Canada. Its collection of aircraft is among the finest in the world.

The bits and pieces of wreckage turn out to be those of "La Vigilance." Tug their with tools and instruments they are brought to the National Aeronautical Collection Museum at Ottawa's Roddcliffe Airport. But, where do you find the other parts when you know there isn't another HS-2L anywhere? The call goes out for help.

The Smithsonian Institution provides precious handbooks. The United States Navy Records Office donates original 1918 engineering drawings vital to the reconstruction. Wing and tail components are found in California. It isn't until 1936 that another HS-2L wreck is found in the Knappton River near Long

Lac, Ontario. It yields the characteristic large radiator for the Liberty engine along with missing fittings, pumps and gauges.

Today the reconstruction of "La Vigilance" is well advanced and it will soon join the Lancaster bomber, the Fairchild bush-planes, the Spitfire, the Sopwith Strife, the Curtiss Seagull, and other aircraft on display.

A good way to get a feeling for these magnificent flying machines and the characters of the pilots who flew them is to visit Canada's National Aeronautical Collection. In fact, a visit to any museum is a good way to relive part of our history and to keep in touch with ourselves.

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It was only in 1972 that Lalonde first ran for elected office in Quebec, the second safest Liberal seat in Canada (even in the first). Four weeks later he begged Health and Welfare, the most influential portfolio in cabinet (30% of the federal budget) in terms of their effect on Canadians' day-to-day life. Trudeau was still a child but his wife had his flower-child wife and her confusion of love and women-of-conscience monologues. Lalonde took his cue and stepped into the fashionable spotlight line up to face on the 1973 International Women's Year Guggenheim memorial brief at each hour, he began to bombard Canadians with the Lalonde-Trudeau view of the "new society." Proposals for legislation and "guidelines" on everything from quotas on American football players to the content of television commercials began to issue forth from the up-to-date minister. Every bit of newspaper lingo that drifted into the McLaurinque horizons of Health and Welfare was immediately appropriated.

In debate Lalonde would refuse to argue or defend his position. It was all perfectly clear to him. When the Canadian Association of Broadcasters produced figures showing beer consumption remained the same or increased in those provinces that had banned all television ads, Lalonde simply dismissed the figures. "I know all about their arguments, but I don't believe them. Anyway," he explained with a perfectly straight face, "I have yet to see any evidence that not buying television commercials does increase consumption."

Lalonde's press secretary, Patrice Martin, is clutching a notebook and managing to cut in without cutting her telephone conversation. These days everyone wants an interview with the new Minister for Federal-Provincial Relations and Martin is declining the request for Lalonde's appearance on a game show with much grace. The point of all this media grantpoint-and-glance seems to be twofold. It's pretty Lalonde's job, after all, to get out and deliver the gospel of federalism according to Trudeau (and make it clear that any other version is plain anti-Canada) but more importantly it's to merchandise the new Marc Lalonde. Everyone close to the minister is perfectly aware of the negative response to his appointment: most of all Lalonde himself, and any conversation with Lalonde inevitably returns to one area. Lalonde's credibility in Quebec.

Major Quebec figures have dismissed Lalonde as being out of touch with the reality of Quebec. Lalonde's response is to counter with anecdotes of life on the farm at the Parrot or stories of a Franco-Canadian Christmas.

"When they say 'not credible' I say,

"Okay. Come on. So what? Anyway, go around. Ask Monique Bigré. She has a lot of separate friends and the reputation I have in those areas is that I'm a guy who talks straight."

In fact Lalonde's "lack of credibility" in Quebec may turn out to be one of those little moments of history. A close acquaintance who has known Lalonde well since their college days together, claims that "to understand Marc you must realize that all his early life he lived completely under the domination of the Church and Duplessis. The family were very simple people, farmers, and Marc was the first to go to university. His brother was still a farmer."

But today's new Quebec speaks with a voice that is a heady mix of cynical wit and sophisticated journalism and cultured sarcasm. Lalonde is trapped in limbo. His required education distances him from his roots but his painful awkwardness and cold public manner are evidence that he is not close to the Parrot to have acquired the easiness of a Trudeau, or even a René Lévesque.

The 19th election of Pierre Elliott Trudeau made it absolutely vital to be bilingual not just in language but in what Trudeau seemed on bringing the vocabulary of moral philosophy into Canadian politics and so we had the "just society" and numerous pronouncements from such advisors as Tom Hume about Canada "taking a more realistic approach to international problems." This created obvious difficulties for pragmatic politicians. While Trudeau stayed out of the day-to-



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dry, rocky world of international and domestic conflict. But analysts found themselves right in the middle of the bag. As most analysts do, they found it appropriate to use the moral language of their leaders, but they were disappointed that moral philosophy and practical politics have a way of colliding in the cold world. Lalonde himself had got the Trudeau vocabulary down pat, but in his response to basic questions about policy decisions indicated he lacked Trudeau's sophistication and flexibility. He was unable to deftly corner questions about moral inconsistencies in policy with a clever bit of dialectics. He never gave the impression of a man who finds it necessary to think through an idea, emerging from his sessions. It occurred, therefore, no open question whether or not he could think one through if he tried. Said Sir Serge Joyal: "The one quality Trudeau values above all others is loyalty. And Lalonde will go snapping to the gun that when I Trudeau tells him to." Added another Liberal MP from Quebec: "From the point of view of keeping Quebec's Confederation, Trudeau could not have made a worse choice than Lalonde, who is better liked and understood in Quebec. But from the point of serving Trudeau's needs to have a teacher, not keeping Trudeau's personal fond with Lévesque going, and allowing Trudeau himself to come in as the status quo, above it all, it was a perfectly understandable choice. Too bad for Canada, though."

The Minister for Federal-Provincial Relations is struggling on the Toronto subway. ("We aren't saying anything but economy matters, when we have to use a plane," explains his press secretary.) On his way to the World Amateur Squash Championship Finals in a suburb of Toronto, Marc Lalonde is talking about the future of Canada.

Lalonde: But of course a multinational society is the right kind of society to construct. It is difficult to do, but we must work together to see that everyone has that proper chance to equally share in it.

Maclean: But, unfortunately, where has multiculturalism gone wrong?

Lalonde: There are several examples. I would say India is a good one.

(A former passer through the now-closed-since-1982 Pakistan, the Karachi riots.)

Maclean: Well, we have made a big mistake. We already have the Unemployment.

Lalonde: (bitterly) And, of course, Switzerland.

The interviewer is speechless. The Swiss caucus system is characterized by the Special Status of its language policy—a solution recommended by the Liberal Party. **Maclean:** (weakly) You don't mean the common market?

Lalonde: (satisfied) Of course things are much smaller in Switzerland.

The subway train chatters on.



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Obviously, Bob Guccione had a better idea

By Hubert de Santana

Bob Guccione is a man who believes in show and presence. The multi-millionaire founder, editor and publisher of *Penthouse* magazine is wearing a suede jacket, velvet-trimmed slacks and huge Italian boots. His white shirt with its huge butterfly collar is open almost to the waist, revealing seven gold chains with assorted medallions and a Penthouse key hanging against the ruddy flesh of his deep, nearly smooth chest. The cuffs of his shirt are turned back. A heavy gold bracelet dangles from his right wrist, on his left wrist is a gold Praga watch. The face of the watch is the adolescent eye of a person's teddy bear. His hair has been dyed black artificially. Carried up on the seat beside him is the Pet of the Year, Victoria Lynn Johnson. Guccione's image is byzantine and narcissistic and on a date morning he gives the impression of being a man who has had a lifelong love affair with himself.

We are in a chauffeur-driven limousine, heading for Hamilton, Ontario, where Guccione is to make a television appearance. In the television station the over-the-top application of makeup has left his features framed with powder, and the theatricality of his appearance is heightened. The show goes well, and on the way back to Toronto Guccione loosens up a little. He is annoyed and baffled by the harsh line his magazine has been having in Canada. Several pages of it, he pointed out, were torn out of the May 1977 one, after an Ontario broadcaster named John Menzies made the *Dolphin* proclamation that "public opinion is anti and sex."

The September, 1977, issue of *Penthouse* also ran into trouble. More than 15,000 copies were seized and after a trial, which lasted from August 23 to September 6 in Brampton, Ontario, Judge Chester Menzies ruled that *Penthouse* was obscene and the seized copies should be destroyed.

Guccione has a reputation for obscenity. His director-in-charge is Gary McNamara, Ontario's Attorney General, for he interprets the Canadian campaign against *Penthouse* as cynical political manipulation. "But McNamara and most politicians like him are terribly naive. In attacking it he guarantees giving his name on the papers and getting a lot of attention from different groups, but he is also alienating as many people, if not more, because of the total shutdown of *Penthouse*, a magazine which is bought by more Canadians than any other magazine in Canada."

Robert Charles Joseph Edward Sebastian Guccione was born in Brooklyn on De-

cember 17, 1930. He grew up in Bergenfield, New Jersey, where he attended a local high school and Mount Academy, a fashionable prep school. His father, Anthony, was an accountant, and the family lived comfortably. He was brought up a Roman Catholic and was an altar boy. At one time he thought he would be a priest, but three months as a secretary convinced him his vocation lay elsewhere.

His high IQ brought him many scholarship offers when he graduated from Mount



Guccione with 1977 Pet of the Year Victoria Lynn Johnson, and (facing page) one of his three dogs, the ladies' man

in 1948, but he turned them all down. He went to Italy instead because he wanted to be a painter. He was married at 15, but the marriage broke up after one year and the arrest of one child. Guccione stayed in Rome for 3½ years and got involved in the Italian film industry, doing bit parts and some dubbing. He moved to Tangier, where he met an English girl named Muriel Hudson. They drifted together

through North Africa and Spain to the south of France, where Guccione painted the cliffs along coasts and period portraits of leading palms in the language.

A year later he moved to Germany, where he became such a good chess player that he reckons he could have earned a living as a chess hustler. His wanderings took him to Paris, London and, in 1954, back to America. He married Muriel, and his first child by his second marriage was born in 1955. Three more children followed.

Guccione published cartoons, designed greeting cards and wrote a syndicated column for college newspapers. In his early twenties his weekly income was in the region of \$1,500. But after four years he returned to Paris to paint. He was soon penniless and moved to London, where he joined a dry-cleaning firm which had been an accounting firm years.

He then talked his way onto the staff of the weekly *London American* and was soon appointed managing editor. On that day the rest of the staff occupied in a body. Undeterred, Guccione hired a tiny staff and ran a no-fills operation that the paper folded for lack of advertising support, and Guccione learned an important lesson: advertisers are fickle and a strong paper should be able to survive on circulation revenue alone. It made him "very nervous one day," and that is how he learned that Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* had no serious competition in the field of glossy magazines for men.

Here was the running point that made him abandon the things that had taken him for more than half his life. The pull toward a life of art had been enormous, but strength viable even now as Guccione reminisces in his lavish New York apartment. "I grew up as a painter, an artist, and there's nothing closer to God's earth than an artist. His destiny is to find little moments in life, in ourselves and make them visible to others." Nevertheless, when fame as a painter was not forthcoming, Guccione seized his chance for fortune in the world of men's glosses. He chose his field carefully—it wasn't *Esquire* or *Play* and *Stinson* he wrote up against—and his failure in art would be quickly compensated by his enormous financial success as a publisher. He chose the serious as his symbol and outside it, provided that it would eventually outweigh the Hefner hype.

Guccione could find no investors so he decided to raise subscription money with a public relations brochure. A fashion photographer taught him the rudiments of



Worldwide (later *Adult*) Division of Creative Artists. *Penthouse* shows average Canadian sales of 447,000 copies per month, and *London American* a Digest (22 months). TV Canada shows some excellent pay-per-view (17 months) time slots, and *Playboy* 100-150,000 copies per month.

Photo: J. J. O'Connell

photography is one afternoon. The next day *Goetz* photographed three women in the nude and designed a brochure that showed slight, delectable views of their bodies. He penciled a poster and a paper manufacturer to give him, credit, then printed 25,000 brochures to place on a mailing list that had never been updated. The result was that his brochures went to doctors, clergymen, schoolboys, old-age pensioners, and wives. Before long of course, women were asked in the House of Commons about the new found pornography which had washed over England's shores and pleasant land.

Goetz was charged under Section II of the Post Office Act, which prohibits the sending of indecent matter through his Majesty's mail. Since it was not a criminal charge the police could not enter his home to serve him with the writ. He remained in a state of siege for two weeks, editing his new magazine over the phone while a skeleton staff worked to get it together. Then he surrendered, appeared in court, and was fined £110. The first issue of *Penthouse*, with a print run of 120,000 copies, appeared in London early in 1965 and was sold out on five days. *Goetz* was now on his way. "It was a guerrilla strike from the word go," he says proudly.

But it was a long time before he could reap the rewards of his entrepreneurial industry. Advertisers showed a great reluctance to have their wares displayed and seen of all. Later Kelly Keston, a South African who was an "erotic dancer" in a night club where she met *Goetz*, still sold advertising space by day and danced at night and within three years she had built a solid base of advertising support. Kelly Keston is a tall, elegant blond who is now the associate publisher of *Penthouse*, as well as the editor and artistic publisher of *Viva*, a skin magazine for women, started by *Goetz* in 1973. Her present salary is in the region of \$105,000 a year. *Goetz*, who is divorced from his first wife and legally separated from his second, has lived with Keston for the past 15 years.

The circulation of *Penthouse* was 181,000 when *Goetz* brought it across the Atlantic in 1968 in challenge to *Playboy* in its own ground. "We're going to show the world," the answer read in a full page New York Times ad which showed the famous *Playboy* bunny on the cross hairs of a rifle-sight. *Playboy* was already a 16-year-old publication, with a circulation of more than five million, that in just 15 months, *Goetz* and U.S. circulation had risen from 235,000 to 500,000. By the end of 1973, it was an unworldly 1.8 million. *Playboy's* circulation peaked in 1972 at more than seven million. But sales have dropped steadily since then, and this year it cut its circulation guarantee to 4.5 million, down only one as *Penthouse*. The takeover has not only caught up with the other, it has taken the lead at the newstand.

Today the textural world decides of *Pent-*

house are five inches or more. Most of these photos in Canada are in the region of 445,000. On an average at least three people, mostly males in the 15 to 30 group, possess each copy.

When does the person who spends two dollars for a copy of *Penthouse* get his money? He gets a generous piece of pornography, guaranteed with good fiction and interesting journalism. Aside from



Goetz with personal *Pent* of the Last 12 Years, Kelly Keston dream-making

the personal spreads, the most popular section of the magazine is *Penthouse* Forum, a weekly collection of letters from primp readers who describe their sexual experiences in flowing detail. *Goetz* finds these letters "enthralling" and so they are. They are a taught tale which human beings are capable of writing a credit only with their imaginations and their penitence. The letters also prove that the porn stage of the North American mind is alive and well. To judge by the pathetic phallacy of

these letters, male *Penthouse* readers are considerably well endowed and are able to defy general human biology by having unresistant and unobscurable copulations. Women readers seem to be equally unresistant. They are also unenthusiastic, in every sense of the word. There is a lot that excels the delights of bandage, anastomosis, alien and sexual devices. Not surprisingly, most are posted without name and address. But they appear, even under close inspection of *Penthouse's* New York office, to be genuine submissions from the reading public, though they may be products more of imagination than experience.

When a dating book about these letters is the prevailing tone of most attacks. They describe sex without emotional commitment, by putting the emphasis only on co-operation and gratification, they reduce the sexual act to a mechanical, no-motive exercise. This attitude is carried over to the personal spreads in *Penthouse*, many of which are done by *Goetz* himself. The sequence of pictures is boringly predictable. Women are always shown spreading naked, examining their breasts with a flashlight for malignant lumps, fingering their nipples and genitals as though they had discovered them for the first time. They look back with their eyes closed and their mouths open, an expression which could be diagnosed as terms of outrage or amoral sleep. To me these pictures are vulgar as the extreme, a charge *Goetz* and Kelly repudiate. "It's truly vulgar pictures will never appear in *Penthouse*," he declares, his voice vibrant.

Most of *Goetz's* models are teen virgins who have never been photographed in the nude before. A control model—the first of the Month—is paid \$3,000, plus a \$10,000 contract fee for a year's personal tours and appearances. *Goetz*'s first photographic work was done in the early Sixties, when he managed to combine communism and erotica in his first pictures. His latest work shows an obsessive preoccupation with the vagina. Why?

"The vagina is enjoying a vogue at the moment because it's like a brand new toy," he explains. "People never saw it before. As soon as people know what the vagina is all about they'll be able to integrate it back into the woman again." *Goetz* keeps a straight face as he says this, and I realize that he is struggling to tell himself of his own repulsive behavior, possibly left over from his Catholic upbringing.

There is a serious side to *Penthouse*. Every six months fiction—recent consultants have included Philip Roth, Joyce Carol Oates and J. P. Donleavy—and investigative journalism which is often first-rate.

In 1973, *Goetz* came to office in Toronto. A Coors, a \$100-million trust in Cola Wars with a clientele that included Richard Nixon and U.S. senators to well income of the leading figures is organized crime. The authors named the first "syndicate blue-

bloods" who own the spa—which led to a \$630-million libel suit, the most colossal in publishing history. *Goetz* has spent one million dollars in legal fees and the case has yet come to trial.

The magazine "declined war" on heroin in 1969 and has remained anti-drug ever since. *Goetz* also campaigns on behalf of the Vietnam veterans, who he feels were shockingly treated by their country.

But *Goetz* does not allow himself to become the leader or he will soon off the public's back, and he gets any clearer he may offend fastidious readers along with his advertisers and distributors. In the classic dilemma of every merchant in the sex trade, a market which is now glutted with magazines, trying to outdo one another.

Since 1973 *Goetz* has lived in an expensive apartment on Manhattan's upper East Side. It is crisscrossed with lines of brass of which was owned by the late Lady Godolphin. There are four or eight murals, a gold piano, chandeliers and hundreds of mirrors of everything from ornate to crystal. The dining table is made of many-colored marble, and in the center is a tall stand with two silver-lined glass bottles. The human and organic on the stand and genuine, the grapes are plastic. This juxtaposition of the real and the ornate is typical of the man and his magazine.

For Bob *Goetz* is a walking anthology of contradictions. He enjoys being a celebrity and needs in publicity. But the artist in him longs for solitude. In private it quickly becomes apparent that the beautiful, vain and narcissistic which he flaunts in public are a mask to hide his vulnerability. He is not a gregarious man. He is certain, little and nervous. He is not with rubber young women but with family members and three dogs—against Rhinoceros, Kangaroo and Amaretto. *Goetz* is a warm and witty character, with a harmless flow of stories and anecdotes.

Goetz adores women, and the feeling seems to be reciprocated. But it is a *Goetz* adores that "all men are biologically voyagers, and all women are exhibitionists." He makes no less glowing.

The jaded, world-weary hedonist of the public imagination is in reality a person whose politics (and perhaps his morals) are deeply conservative. Hising made his money by peddling porn, he battles a fiercer moral and aesthetic responsibility.

Bob *Goetz* is the sole owner of *Penthouse* International Ltd., a private company which he estimates is worth between \$200 and \$250 million. He has married it to a family business. This year *Penthouse* alone will gross \$30 million before tax. *Goetz* also publishes *Forum* (world wide circulation, 1,900,000), *Viva* and *Playboy*. Two new magazines will be introduced next year. He is giving serious consideration to bringing out a Canadian edition of *Penthouse*.

Goetz's university is in the private in-

dustry have paid handsome dividends. He had a large financial stake in such hit films as *Chinatown* and *The Longest Yard*.

He will find it hard to let the taste. His work 20 hours a day, looking after the business interests of his publishing empire, attending to his photography editing and co-writing copy for *Penthouse*. *Goetz* rarely makes a break and feels himself on his back and feels himself on his back and feels himself on his back. At night he sorts through thousands of letters selecting the ones that will make up the material spread in *Penthouse*. He gets by on an average of four hours sleep.

Goetz is in a dynamic of nervous energy, but this level schedule has

exacted its toll. Though his nose does not in steady and his smile is still there and to-gone, his face is lined with fatigue and there are numerous wrinkles below his eyes. His photographs naturally make him look younger than his 57 years.

Has it all been worthwhile? The answer is an emphatic yes. Slipping effortlessly into his favorite role of the Merchant of Venus, he says fervently "If we could get people to be aware of the beauty of their own bodies, and of the whole world of pleasure and satisfaction that can exist between two people who have nothing else going for them, then we're really accomplishing something."

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The first family

What Cronyn and Tandy see in each other

By Martin Kneelman

Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy were sitting at a cozy corner table of the Gypsy Bar in the Plaza Hotel, a spot favored by them for after-the-show supper and not only because it happens to be across the street from the hotel suite which serves as their second home while they're playing eight performances a week of *The Gin Game* in New York. He was sipping on cherry stout. She ate minestrone soup. It was all very refined and elegant in an understated way, until suddenly, in response to a question I had asked about their association with the Stratford Festival, they began to improvise what could have been a lightly comic sketch about a long-married couple.

"I remember before the first Stratford season," Hume Cronyn was finally remembering. "Tom Patterson came to see us, and I think we were the first to give 1900. We were living at the Algonquin at the time."

"Algonquin," asked Jessica Tandy in a gently corrective tone. "wasn't it in Montreal or Toronto or something?" I remember the hotel room distinctly, and it wasn't the Algonquin.

Cronyn continued, only slightly disconcerted. "Of course it was one of the questions for us to act at Stratford the first year. We were doing a line of *The Fourposter* that we revised. I remember Alice Guinness riding around on a bicycle. We went up for the ground-breaking ceremony."

"(Barking, interrupted Tandy.) "I hate to correct you, but it really wasn't a ground-breaking. It was that business about the cornerstone."

"This was her husband took the hat 'Come on, now.' Cronyn related as a voice sweetly perched between mock merriment and real uneasiness, "that is really striking."

"That, as a gesture of consolation, he added, 'I'm in the one who knew Tony Gilchrist. In our family my wife has all the important theatre connections."

"What do you mean I have all the important connections?" she asked in playful indignation, as if saying now which business crystal, as if suspecting that the fantasy might be an understated form of narration.

If Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy (at age 66 and 68, respectively) exude the frog-pong elegance with its sort of perfect timing and absolute finesse that raise parenthood to an art form, maybe the fact that they've had 35 years of practice both on and off the stage has something to do with it. They met backstage at the Strat-



more Theatre in New York after a performance of *Jeppia Jeppia*, an otherwise forgettable flop, and were married in 1942.

"It has never been a good idea had down by either of us that we have to work together," Cronyn explains candidly, and in fact they have acted separately for more of their time together. But because they have had some spectacular successes on a term the Cronyns have established themselves

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Cronyn's father was a Victorian joiner—president of the Union and Maritime Labor. He was also a Member of Parliament who was offered a peerage in 1912. The family was more than comfortable, but freedom displays of wealth were considered vulgar. From the age of 10, Cronyn was sent to boarding school at Rugby, where he endured a curriculum in which cricket was a compulsory sport and any artistic aspirations were generally frowned on. He went on to McGill University where he was supposed to be preparing for a career in business and the law. But after landing a summer job with a stock company in Washington, he announced to his startled family that he had decided on an acting career. His mother said, "Go back to McGill for a year. If you still feel this way I will see to it that you attend either the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London or the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York."

Which was how Cronyn landed in New York to go to acting school in 1932. He played in an all-star cast from 1934 to 1937, a career that broke came when he took out for understudy in the national touring company of *Thou Shalt Not Kill*, and landed the leading role.

It was Alfred Hitchcock who brought Cronyn to Hollywood in 1942—for a part in *Shadow of a Doubt*.

Cronyn became one of the staple character actors of 1940s movies (a familiar face whose name you could remember) playing such roles as the cunning lawyer in that great movie classic *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and the cunning landlord whose Fatue first tries to take out of a winning mortgage heart in *Jeppia Jeppia*. The first time the Cronyns acted together was in Fred Zinnemann's film *The Seventh Cross* starring Spencer Tracy, for which Cronyn was nominated for an Oscar. He specialized in portraying shady little creeps in the movies. But in the theatre he could lead the big parts in such plays as *Death of a Salesman* (which he did in Minneapolis). But during the war he studied set theatrical for the cameras, on stage he was where he belonged. In 1945 Cronyn was a Tony for his performance in the Richard Burton Musical. In 1970 he lent an eye to success—and after the opening of his production into the most successful stage of his life, *Madmen The Seventh*.

Jessica Tandy was already well established when she met Hume Cronyn. She



Tandy and Cronyn, as themselves, as *Brooklyn*, as *Jeppia Jeppia* (Tandy and Cronyn in *Brooklyn*'s *A Midsummer Night's Dream*), and Cronyn as *Shakespeare* in *Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice* (left); the play has never been the thing

established the Gypsy Theatre in Minneapolis. They were pioneer members of the Phoenix Theatre 25 years ago. They have gone to regional theatres in such places as Seattle, they've been awarded with regional theatre awards.

At this stage of their careers, the Cronyns have become a symbol of the intimate tradition of acting—a tradition in which the players, liberated from expensive production and big theatre companies—have a direct relationship with their audience because they can select their own material and control the way in which it's presented. It's this tradition that is celebrated in *The Many Faces of Love*, a series of scenes, sketches and readings on the subject of relations between the sexes. The project was written by the Cronyns and they selected the material, which included excerpts from such plays as *The Fourposter*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and *A Delicate Balance*, and excerpts of readings from the work of writers as diverse as Dostoevsky, Thomas Wolfe, James Thurber, Bertrand Russell and Ogden Nash. Intimate theatrical evenings often go dead when they're transferred to television, so it's something of a miracle that the special character of this show comes through in one television's 90-minute adaptation of *The Many Faces of Love* on February 15. It's that it's really an evening's delight for civilized people.

Tandy and Cronyn, as themselves, as *Brooklyn*, as *Jeppia Jeppia* (Tandy and Cronyn in *Brooklyn*'s *A Midsummer Night's Dream*), and Cronyn as *Shakespeare* in *Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice* (left); the play has never been the thing

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born in the northern part of London—him and his wife had a nice fall at her British boarding. Her mother was a teacher and her father was in the rope business. Her young career started with the Birmingham Repertory Company. By 1934 she was playing Ophelia to John Gielgud's Hamlet at the New Theatre in London. Her first husband was Jack Hawkins the actor, by whom she had a daughter. (The Crocrys also has a son and another daughter.)

Tandy went to Hollywood with Crocrys and appeared in several films, but she left her career had stopped, but never anyway was raising three children. "In Hollywood," she recalls with a trace of anger, "nobody could see any potential in me. I began to feel I mean have made the whole thing up, about playing opposite Gielgud and Larry Olivier and all the rest. I thought it must have been a homosexual dream."

Crocrys, whose family background may have given him controversialist inclinations,

"Congratulations! How late are you?" She replied: "Five-foot-four." That was the last the heard from him.

It took so long for the Crocrys to make their debut in the third stage of Hollywood, just down the road from Crocrys's hometown, that the whole matter became an embarrassment for everyone. Finally they made it together in 1936. He played Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*; she played Lady Macbeth in *The Day After Tomorrow* and they appeared together in Ralph Phillips's version of *Aladdin* on *Night's Dream*. In 1937, Tandy had a chance to shape a contemporary character, and the battle during rehearsal of this show became a hot group item. A few months later, Crocrys accepted a different connection with Hollywood, as the first actor ever named to the board of directors.

Playing Eric, Tandy refused to say "oh!" because it wasn't in keeping with the dis-

ing a depressing idiom—the kind of mixed assessment and profane insights, in sum, to be both improbably funny and memorably sad.

Crocrys happened upon the material while he was sharing repeated theater across the United States for a report to the National Endowment for the Arts, and he was told about it by the director of a theater in Louisville where a production was on the schedule. Crocrys and Tandy read it, and Crocrys called Crocrys to say "We'd like to do your play." Then they approached Mike Nichols, who directed them in a production on the spring of 1977 at the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven.

As revealing the past and the history of childhood, *Intimate* Tandy describes the process by which Nichols created the two performances into a state of precision. She remembers especially the trial of finding the right note for the ending, when he expresses his mercurial impulse by introducing a subtle and, just comes off, and the, realizing that she has done more what she has been doing all her life, sits in a chair and says quietly, "Oh, yes," just before the curtain falls. Tandy observes: "The right conclusion it takes to keep your mind on the page and your heart is very difficult. There's a point at rehearsal when you know what you want but it's not yours" and you think you will never do it. But Mike had faith in the script, and he's very patient."

The note to the stage door of the John Golden Theatre, their night has named into Celebrity Alley, as such people as Joel Grey, Henry Winkler and Kathleen Turner turn back to pay tribute to these two stars' actors. I was greeted in the dressing room, not by any smiling couple, but by a woman waiting for the previous hour but by a pair not so smiling, neither the couple from *Intimate* who might have been behind her at the play. Her courtesy seemed to be of a lightweight, polite and subtle sort that she looked at each other, and her advocacy for costuming to a social and legal spectacle to her and ignored women.

There is a note to this that a sister Ma and her sister Constance Broadway, and her mother, they appear in advance for being dead, as if this is the final scene that is unknown to us. What asked what it's like working together and being together. Crocrys observes: "The ordinary housewife or woman with a job and a husband who does something else doesn't end and that commitment of starting from the same bed each morning, sharing the same breakfast table, the same rehearsal hall, the same performance and the same supper table. It takes a certain tolerance." "No," interrupts Tandy, "I help her, but she's got to get together while doing these drunken parties and extraneous sex."

"Actually," says Tandy Crocrys, "it's fascinating to see the awful truth. It's all so explicated and dull."

The World

Spain's Basques: another bloody chapter

Snow backs the cobble of the Euzerri, the narrow street along which every July hundreds of young men meet before the bulls during the week-long anxiety of the San Fermi fiesta. Pamplona, an ancient city in the foothills of the Spanish Pyrenees, breeds in its summer winter for years, a coolness in direct contrast with the heated remarks of a direct to one of the Euzerri bars. "If they put it to a vote, this province will decide to join the new Basque autonomous region. For a Basque, like all Basques." And if the vote should also show the go the other way? "Then there will be tremendous trouble."

There already is trouble in Pamplona, the capital of the province of Navarra, where violent death is not uncommon. Usually it comes in the afternoon, Sunday or on the birthday. The latest riot, however, have been brutal, swift and in what everybody prays—but has not really believed—will be the last against the Basques' bloody struggle for self-rule. Those who know Pamplona through the writings of Ernest Hemingway, would hardly recognize its present atmosphere. Recently, a few yards from the hotel's main entrance, the Plaza de Toros, left-wing arts (Frankish) to Andalusian—Basque nationalism and liberty separately added a police chief with bullfight. Nearby, 12 pounds of dynamite, allegedly found by right-wing extremists, destroyed a suspected office. Andalusians have lobbed Molotov cocktails against the Archbishop's palace, and in a January suburban bus about one-third died, a police sniper shot and two ETA members.

Pamplona and Navarra have become the focus of a political tug-of-war which threatens to be the toughest test yet for Spain's newly opened democracy. Premier Adolfo Suarez's Democratic Center



(left) government has been trying to placate the country's regions, eager for a share of power after 40 years of Franco's long-handled centralist rule. A federal state is envisaged and Catalonia and the Basque country have been set on the path to limited autonomy.

But the Basque question is highlighted by national conflict, the fierce militancy of the left-wing ETA and the stubborn pride of the Basque people who, with their

own language and values, position "We are not Spanish." Although an agreement for provisional home rule was announced between the government and Basque parliamentarians, led by the moderate Basque Nationalist Party and the Socialist Workers' Party, dissident left forces—Basques from the government will not dissolve power of any substance and they distrust the parliamentary opposition which, says the radical left, sold out to Suarez by agreeing to cooperate on economic policy-making.

Senior Basquists still hope for an independent state, embracing the four Basque provinces (population 2.5 million) in Spain and three in France (population 200,000). But their greatest anxiety at the moment is that Navarra may slip out of the Basque fold. Once an independent kingdom in the Spanish Civil War it sided with Franco, while the other provinces, Basque, Guipuzcoa and Alava, fought against him. Navarra is less industrialized than the other provinces and more conservative. Many of its 500,000 people do not speak Basque and feel no particular affinity for that region. Thus, bitter bickering has broken out over how Navarra should decide its future.

Pedro Rodriguez, 28, a UCD member of the Spanish Cortes (parliament), says: "We were prepared to accept the result of a referendum on autonomy, even if it goes

A young Basque democrat with his country of the left and the police force, leaving their college's office in Pamplona, toward democracy's toughest test.



Scene from *'The Gin Game'*; better late...

had bought the rights to several one-act plays by Tennessee Williams, and he produced during a stage production in Hollywood of *Forever of Aladdin*, with Tandy starring and Crocrys directing. At the time she was under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox and was not supposed to perform elsewhere, but she got away with it and her success led to the private role of her career—Blanche Dubois in Elia Kazan's original Broadway production of William Faulkner's *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Playing Blanche Kovalevich to her Blanche who an ethnic young prodigy named Martin Brandt, who rarely gives these performance one-night stunts. Tandy won a Tony, but for the most her role went to Vivian Leigh. Incredibly, her coin didn't change anything in Hollywood. When she got back the casting director of Fox called and said

say of a great lady, but in *The Gin Game*, she finally acts a four-letter word. Fanny Desney, the character she plays, is a real woman who drives people away. Walter Martin, played by Crocrys, is a refugee from Red Air who has a terrible temper and an addiction to gin martinis. When he teaches her how to play gin and she keeps losing him (13 games out of 14 in the play) he reacts by calling at her telling her who's wrong with her, and swearing at her. He obviously wants to tell her she has to learn to get on with the status of if she doesn't stop being abusive and using offensive language. But eventually he goes her angry too, and in the middle of a game, in a fury she spurs the attention from later word. *The Gin Game* was written by a previously unknown playwright named D. L. Coburn, a 28-year-old Texan, and whatever else there is to be said for the play it provides a vehicle for the finest acting to be seen on Broadway this season. Set

against us. But we won't allow the Binaguis to impose on us and if they should refuse to accept a vote signature acceptance, then we'll have to look to other means."

Left-wingers, however, rail against an electoral system dominated by the U.S., with 25% of the National vote given to just four beneficiary states last year. In Spain's last democratic elections for 40 years, they claim that big business, backed by overseas—mainly U.S.—capital, wants to protect its interests by keeping Navarra clear of a socialist Binagui regime.

Muchlike the violence fanned in the latter years of Franco rule continues. Although hundreds of jailed militants learned last year from a sweeping amnesty (TA continues on page 14), the campaign for independence and for recognition of the police—"an army of occupation"—by Binagui militants. Most political leaders have condemned their recent actions, but the fact that Franco supporters still cling to local government office means continuing friction among people eager for democratic change.

"The blame for ETA's survival rests with the continuance of fascism. Many people have been killed by police but the circumstances are never identical," says a left-wing lawyer, currently defending in court detained ETA men. His words were echoed by Marius Perroy, editor of the banned magazine *Punto y Vista*. "Nobody has been arrested for the killing of one of our men. The police never read the right weapons. But we're all getting sick of this."

ETA's "policy" of group oaths to violent action, have been countered by an ex-member to number up to 200 full-time members. They actually make a lot of explosives. Accident factor, the "pelo" in the trying, political methods, have also encouraged a return to armed conflict, and to rub the message in have aimed their own web-bombs. In La Pineda and the organization has never had a large following, but later, Manuel Maria Villa can only have helped boost its support when, hearing of the deaths in the suburban shooting, he said: "Up to now it's two to one in our favor."

To the people of the Binagui country that attacked the airport past. No matter how carefully the government treats the situation in Navarra will continue to be volatile. Should it get out of hand, the danger lingers of military intervention. Nobody thinks it is too early to that, but nobody expects more than that this year is going to be a focus in Pamplona. **DAVID MARSH**

THE U.S.

A parking of the ways

The long-haired young man with the arched blue eyes was understandably aroused when U.S. House of Representatives Speaker Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill Jr.—himself a very recognizable figure with his "Irish peak" nose—failed to recognize him during a dinner meeting at Chicago's

O'Hare airport. "We met at a Democratic fund raise in Boston, your hometown," the young man told O'Neill. "You Robert Kennedy?"

O'Neill later replied as assumed Chicago resident with the tale. But had O'Neill to identify one of the best-known faces inside politics in the United States, about as graphically a question that is being posed more and more in Jimmy Carter's first year as President, and the politics in the Washington Beltway continue to stand with the people?

The second question came from another

Henry (above), Kennedy (right) and Jordan: the Old Guard is breaking up and so far there's no sign of a new one



young senator, Carter, the Democratic Congress and the country that first came in power have all divided apart. Now, as Capitol Hill faces midterm elections—all 435 House seats, 33 Senate seats and 68 governorships and state legislatures are at stake in November—there are few signs of recent liaison.

The Carter administration was pushed into power by a trilateral coalition of three old Democratic workhorses, labor, liberals and minority groups. President was made.

But with the President having run through parliament on the floor of the House, budget and assets, there is concern over Carter's midday vote for 1978.

Nowhere is this more evident than among the nation's blacks. Although they comprise 11% of the population, they account for less than 1% of the approximately 325,000 federal officials. For every 100,000 blacks in the country, there are 19 elected black officials. For every 100,000 non-blacks there are 361 non-black federal officials. And under Carter few blacks have been appointed to top jobs. Only United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young and Housing Secretary Patricia Harris spring easily to mind.

This is at least one of the reasons that Representative Barbara Jordan, the black Democrat from Texas, announced a few



SEN. KENNEDY



weeks ago that she would not stand for re-election. Jordan, who measured the nation during the Nixon impeachment proceedings with her emotionally voiced belief in the Constitution was turned down for a cabinet job.

Similarly, Julian Bond, the powerful black politician from Carter's home state of Georgia, is getting elective politics—to become a television commentator. He feels that he can do more for "the black cause" outside the administration.

The National Urban League—a coalition of black support groups—has publicly criticized the President's tax proposals. "The state of black America is grim," says League president Vernon Jordan.

Black church leaders estimate 58% of white church members in 1980, rose to 64% in 1978, but dropped to 59% in 1977. The blacks believe that more than any other single group their black support will center into the White House. Now they feel deserted.

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But if the blacks feel badly, organized labor (of which they form a significant part) is in no better mood. Trade union membership peaked at 11 million since the Second World War. The average business necessary in the United States has lasted only 46 months. If the current expansion follows the usual pattern, the American economy will turn downward again in about a year. Yet 6.1 million people are still looking for jobs—more than one in three black teenagers who want work can't find one—and the struggle for more jobs, capital spending, has fallen far below government targets.

Carter keeps on saying that the jobless rate dropped from 7.4% in January 1977 to 6.4% in December. He points out that 4.1 million new jobs were created during the administration's first year and he emphasizes that major job initiatives will be under way in the new fiscal year beginning next October. Yet the President is still under strong attack.

"His intention to rely almost exclusively on tax cuts to stimulate the economy is not sound," charges George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. Meany notes that as a candidate Carter pledged to reduce adult unemployment to only 3% within four years. Once elected he modified the idea into a tentative goal, 6% within four years. Unemployment and a balanced budget by election day 1980. The unions believe their support has been sacrificed in other areas.

Which leads to the liberals. They feel let down because 1978 will see increased military spending, with an social program especially those geared to help government leaders, previously no advocates for women's rights, black progress toward the national health scheme so ardently promoted by Senator Edward Kennedy and congressional liberals dominated by black senators in the President Carter and energy. Mr. Average is being neglected.

A year ago when Carter first took over most national polls had his popularity at 65%. In 50 days he was once perceived as a Washington outsider, a man of the people. He is still the favorite, but not so much the latter. Like Tip O'Neill he, too, perhaps ought to go to the nation more often.

WILLIAM LEWIS

AFRICA

The war of the puppets

It started as a series of local guerrilla—smuggling war in the African the revolutionaries served up largely without reference to tribal boundaries. But in the past year the fighting in the Horn of Africa has grown to

astronomy to a point where Western strategists seriously are considering the possibility of a major Big Power proxy war which could swing in forces far greater than those involved in previous African conflicts such as Angola and the Congo.

The immediate catalyst is a massive influx of Cuban troops and Soviet military hardware, including tanks, planes, artillery and sophisticated rocket weaponry not previously seen in battle, into Ethiopia—where the left-wing regime of struggling Lt.-Colonel Haile Mariam Mengistu has been brought near to collapse by a Somali-backed invasion from the south, and a 16-year guerrilla war conducted by Eritrean movements in the presence of Eritreans in the north.

That's the fighting part, but tension has been heightened over the past year by an extraordinary burst of international "self-sweeping" in the space of a few months.



A central area map (above) and an Eritrean child playing with a real handgun among Ethiopian prisoners: proxy battle?



the Somalia, once the protégé of the Soviet Union, have been used into the Western camp by the combined blandishments of the United States and the "conservatives." Arab bloc (Egypt, Sudan and Saudi Arabia), while the Islamophiles, formerly heavily backed by the United States with arms and cash, have moved to the opposite direction. At roughly the same time the Eritrean liberation movements, formerly backed by the Russians, have become the darlings of the "conservative" Arab states.

Just in this context that the Russians, presumably to prop up a socialist government in Ethiopia and to crush the Somali front it does not pay to be unfaithful to the Kremlin, have been pouring arms and, as it is said, men into Ethiopia. By the middle of January heavy Soviet Antonov and Ilyushin transport planes were reported to have landed on Cuban military hardware and two armored battalions from Angola, in Ethiopia and by the end of the month the total Soviet "presence" was estimated at approaching 10,000 men, including at least 1,500 Soviet military personnel and about 1,000 East Europeans.

Their immediate aim was still in doubt but the speculation was that they would strike first at the Eritrean guerrillas laying siege to the key port of Massawa and the Eritrean capital of Asmara, where the liberation movements claim to have seized the key airport. Then, with supply lines seriously cut, the combined Cuban-Ethiopian forces would take on the Somalis.

The proxy target for this counterattack probably would be the Ogaden, a desolate region inhabited mostly by nomads of Somali blood and claimed by Somalia. Fighting there has been going on sporadically in the region to some extent a conflict of no one—since the early 1960s. But as the last months of 1977, the Western Somali Liberation Front (WSLF), heavily arming



poised by Somali equipment and troops, seemed almost the entire region.

There is some doubt, however, about the strength of the Soviet "presence" in Ethiopia and the Karakoram and northwest. While Somali President Siad Barre has claimed annexation of his country's enclave, the Russians have denied, through the official news agency Tass, that an "assessable" is being prepared. They insist only on an intention to provide appropriate material and technical aid to enable Ethiopia to repulse Somalia's aggression in the Ogaden.

Something certainly has occurred to frighten both NATO and the conservative Arab states (as the case of Iran) was partly the scale and success of the Soviet effort. As the month wore on, Russian diplomatic activity brought warnings to Ethiopia from, among others, Britain, Egypt and the Shah of Iran, not to violate Somali territory. Egypt's President Sadat offered Somalia planes and equipment, the Shah, owner of one of the world's most powerful armies, offered to send troops to Somalia if it was attacked, and did so in 1973 to help fight Communist guerrillas in the suburbs of Quito. But in January occurred in east Iran was still no clear indication of what threat, exactly, they might have to meet.

EUROPE

Paradise losing

The ghost intentions trace out of a cholera epidemic in Naples, dysentery among homeless hotel guests, Somalia's economic and general collapse as the dumping of poison into Imperial water. For a time it seemed, as the ancient that border the Mediterranean barely moved to prohibit the dumping of oil from ships and aircraft, that these cities were safe to achieve results. But three years later, as frustrated delegates ended their 17-session conference in January on further cleanup measures, it seemed that after all they might merely be paving the road to hell. The main stumbling block: a little matter of the billion-dollar-and-a-half fee on the part of African coastal states that their burgeoning industrial development is about to be hindered to solve a problem largely created by their European neighbors.

More than 100 million citizens of 18 coastal states share the Med's lovely coastline with an ever-growing annual influx (last counted at 100 million) of tourists. All these people can use for themselves the steady deterioration that is taking place in the sea, now covered floating off holiday beaches, the muddiness, myriad balls of tar which ruin clothing, and the fishes have been by alog.

How bad is it, and how much worse it will get unless the ban-skippling steps, was outlined by figures that show some 50,000 tons of crude oil are spilled onto the sea each year. But oil is only 5% of the prob-

lem. Far worse are the wastes which leach off land, some 3.2 million tons of phosphorus and nitrogen-based nutrients, 50,000 tons of detergent, 3,500 tons of lead, 2,400 tons of aluminum and 900 tons of mercury. More than 85% of these toxic wastes are discharged by the European nations—and circulate by currents to behead the water off northern Africa.

Things have never been so bad. French oceanographer Jacques-Yves Cousteau told delegates: "In 1977, I could swim in clear, clean water off the pier at Monte Carlo harbor. Today I'd have to go 20 miles out to find water of comparable quality."

He might as well have been talking to

Spain's Benidorm sea resort (below) and Crete's coast the universal scene of success



the sea. The size of the proposed pay-out—though it would have been spread over 10 to 20 years—and the prospect of the loss of the sovereignty right to police kept delegates wiggling behind closed doors for all six days of negotiations. Not one of the proposals put forward by the nations, the United Nations Environment Program (UNEP), except watering down or outright rejection. Allowance UNEP's deputy executive director Peter Thacher, estimated that efforts to get the necessary proposals through had been put back at least a year.

To justify their intransigent, delegates quoted UNEP's own statistics, published at a cost of two million dollars from 75 laboratories set up under the program's aegis in the past five years. These show that moun-



derly storms in pandemonium made by scientists in the early 1970s—that the Mediterranean could be dead by the century's end—was not true. It might take 2,000 years actually to kill the Mediterranean, and UNEP's Dr. Sippa Kerkas "The situation is bad, very bad as far as man is concerned, but it is not yet critical."

It seemed rather too much like a whitewash. Yet in the context of the sea's diversity of cultures, old remedies and different stages of development, confusion and discord are understandable. If not excusable. And at least nobody actively walked out. "We are discouraged but we don't think we will continue to try," commented Thacher. "Perhaps we were asking them to move too rapidly"—a bit of which the too-rapidly occurred.

PETER MAY

People

As the planet boggles, stumbles and suffers through its latest Darker Hour, it's gratifying to be able to report even one cause for optimism. Here it is: **Frank Pappas** and **Majors** is on the scene, whatever people saw in her (one of the actresses of the age) they apparently aren't seeing any



line may be discontinued in April. Sooner than that, however, **Cheryl Ladd** will replace **Forrest** in **Star Trek's** **Enterprise** (she'll act, just as she did on the TV show **Ladd** in **Star Trek**)—and that's good. News of only **Lar Majors** would suffer a short circuit.



Rockefeller might seem otherwise? **David Rockefeller**, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank and certainly one of the most powerful financial (and political) figures in the world, is not a man sensation in the west. No, that's what **Quebec**, **Former Head** **Lévesque** said to him when on one day's notice **Rockefeller** asked for a meeting recently. The Premier was sorry, but he had other things to do. They agreed, however, to meet in New York in the spring, when Lévesque plans to be there on personal business, and they did meet privately a year ago, when Lévesque first took his case to Wall Street.

Just perhaps are cherishing into their cup of tea the news that **Miles Davis** and **Chick Corea** and **Herbie Hancock** who followed the same water down the vulgar road to electricity (and considerable financial reward) in the Sixties, are shunning their dehumanizing synths and power-gobbling electric pianos in the critical equivalent of the back to the land

movement: an eight-country, one-month tour in an acoustic duo this month (the Canadian duo **Vancouver's** **Orpheum** Theatre, February 9). Not known in the respective leaders of the jazz-rock bands **Barry** to **Forever** and **The Headbangers**, the two plan to play traditional jazz without musical gimmicks, using only unamplified grand pianos. Finger snapping will be permitted.

When **Elizabeth Taylor** married **Jean Warner** (Harvard Number Something-Or-Other) there was the credible question: how long will it last? How would this Eminent International Star accommodate



Warner and Taylor made for each other

to the quiet (and life of Virginia with a man who was "well known") it was obvious that to a bore Taylor was married, for example, her announcement on why Warner should be elected to the U.S. Senate sent her vigorously asking: "We're all just little grains of sand." Taylor philosophized: "But if all of us my pieces of sand are some together, we can make a coast (a questionable bit of physics, but never mind) and that sand can become a boulder and that boulder can become a huge body."

Business

A plight in the forest

The rest of the country may have been enjoying British Columbia's (relative) business boom, but January 20 suddenly looked very bleak to the 700 workers at MacMillan Bloedel Ltd.'s Vancouver plywood plant. The company, they were told, planned to close down the whole operation. The province's Social Credit government, which has had a lot of practice at this sort of thing, moved quickly to form a joint government-company-union committee to look into ways of saving the factory, but the problems it faced were formidable.

In each of the past four years the plant has lost more than two million dollars, faced with a long-term decline in demand for its product and increasingly expensive local raw material. And the Vancouver pulpco stands in a program, humane transformation of the troubles of Canada's forest products industry, early the country's most important in machine employed, total protection and export earnings and of the peygher revival of Vancouver-based Macdonald Biondel, one of the industry's largest companies.

Colver, Cuth Koonsee, 58, arrived at MacMillan Bloedel in the fall of 1956. The company had made its first-ever sale of nearly \$19 million on sales of \$1.5 billion the previous year. "I was in charge of production, traffic and a catastrophic management of the shipping market which left it constrained to long-term charters well above the prevailing rate. The previous chairman and president had been a trader of commodities and had been in the oil business, and Koonsee was offered the job title was as that time a senior vice-president with the Weyerhaeuser Co. in Tacoma, Washington, having started life as a secretary in the 1930s. He was asked to head the Securities and Exchange Commission, but lost out at the last moment." Then the MacMillan Bloedel board recognized and traced to him Robert Fowden, president of Canadian North & Eastern

Knauf is now paid \$250,000 a year—but Bontin's eventually declined, and Knauf was appointed again. This turnaround process may actually have strengthened his hold. Although J. V. Clynch, 79, had retired as chief executive in 1992, it was widely believed that the boldness and automotive co-judge skill dominated the company and its officers from the boardroom. Four presidents or chairmen came and went in four years. But in a series of intricate moves and one head-off purge of more than 90 people, Knauf made it clear that a new report was in power and



A MacMillan Bloedel 'beast boat' feeding logs off Vancouver Island, and Kluane's effective ban may be but the tip of its industry lies in the hands of the gods.

A black and white portrait of a man with dark hair and glasses, wearing a suit and tie. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera. The background is a mottled, textured grey.

that he should start leading it. He even moved the executive offices on the twenty-fifth floor of the MacMillan Block, thus being in downtown Vancouver so that the heads of the company's operating divisions are physically closer to him. He says only that it's not possible to go all the way to an open plan like Weyerhaeuser's, but he is planning more structural changes ("much more glass and opportunity for people to relate to one another"). Open will be relative here, however. Due to the lack of space, his own new office is on the twelfth floor, which also means he will

is now approaching the point where the companies would be better off buying Canada Savings Bonds with any spare money rather than investing it in the business.

[illegible]

Canadian cows are just too big. Canadian laborers move, Canadian taxes and tariffs are higher, even Canadian forests are rugged and more awkward to operate.

Because of international competition, the Canadian government has to protect its consumers from the effects of foreign or by-product adulteration. When the industry considers who is paying for the officials from the consumer branch of the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs who appear twice last year living in Vancouver's Bayshore Inn, microfilming thousands of company documents in the course of an investigation into the possible price collusion, it begins to feel strained. Already, Canadian producers are in a somewhat difficult. Ralph P. Brown, a spokesman for producer share dividend, a representative of price fixers, and a fair sale.

The government is concerned about the forest industry, and has responded in its own way. By one recent count, there are 28 different studies of the industry underway, sponsored by different arms of federal and provincial government. All of them make separate demands upon the industry for information. In one case last year, the Department of Industry, Trade and Con-



Logging (above) and replanting (below) on Vancouver Island: a textbook case of getting oneself out of the market

There are related to these concerns with the Department of Regional Economic Expansion on the grounds that there was bad feeling between the departments. Precisely what the government will consider is unclear, given its reluctance to bowe to a union. There are rumors that it will encourage mergers, although this might conflict with combiustion policy. Both Ontario and Quebec are heavily involved in building a new pulp mill in collaboration with the United States. The Forest Products Limited is a 50-50 joint venture. This will require 1,000 jobs at a cost to the taxpayer of over \$500 million, but since pulp prices have collapsed it is likely they will be unable to attract any Canadian money.

There has been criticism of the brutality with which Knochen has disposed some members of the old guard at Mauthausen. Indeed, and even threatened to

The breadth of the vision that is proposed to eliminate the gap-party's entire existence is dependent on lives of "outsider" status, also not even questioned, by the fact that on the one hand, the party's secretary-treasurer and Knudsen has installed his own personal assistant, Jørgen Røchmann, who worked with the U.S. Department of Commerce and as a liaison between Knudsen's four children and the U.S. government, and on the other hand, his daughter, who recently graduated from Yale and now works for MacMillan Bloedel in Paris, and a son who is in Sweden learning to make furniture. Knudsen completed over a year in a media house in Norway, and he has a son who has just moved into an office in Oslo. So, throughout, he's even making arrangements with the British Columbia Liquor Board to import his own wine from his winery near Portland, Oregon. No matter how you look at it, Knudsen's party may be a happy color, but...



Sports

A few reasons why, once again, this isn't the Rangers' year

At times, the continuing decline of the New York Rangers seems better told by anecdote than statistics. Moments after the Rangers had played to a 2-1 New Year's Eve tie with the Buffalo Sabres, for example, New York captain Phil Esposito celebrated his partner left and watched a live cockroach scuffle out of his foot and "live me?" asked Esposito as teammate John Davidson expressed the coach with his goals stick.

Actually, "Why not?" would be the more appropriate comment. During the very last home game goalkeeper Davidson looked down from his seat on the team bench to discover that a thief had stolen his goals stick. (It later was returned.) Don Murdoch, last year in this time a candidate for mayor of the year, is now a problem child. He began his season with a charge for possession of cocaine and when he didn't dress for a recent Rangers loss to the Philadelphia Flyers because of what was officially described as a bad knee, Murdoch then proceeded to put general manager John Ferguson on the spot by announcing that his head's not fine.

No more quietly grinding his teeth in dismay is Ferguson, the volcano former Montreal Canadian coachman. The 36-year-old general manager has shown a reserve Major League-wide becoming manager in 1976 by offering juicy contracts to numerous players, including perennial goals Olin Colton, Ken Hodges and Bill Goldsworthy, and removing what amounts to pre-1976 fans in return. Propaganda to remake the perennial Rangers as his own ranged enough. Ferguson, one year later, said was a team that more often suggests a collection of 95-pound workhorses.

In a November victory over the Chicago Black Hawks at Madison Square Garden, Esposito uttered when a Hawk took a rim at Esposito, as when Carol Vadnais was punched out by another "What happens, and it's aggravating me to the point where I lose sleep at night trying to change it," and Esposito, the Rangers' captain, "is that there are quite obviously some guys on this team who simply don't care." To

protect his nonbelievers, Ferguson signed native New Yorker Mark Fox to his resident goal, only to discover that the former golden glove boxer would rather play than fight.

The truth is that most of the Rangers' troubles is concentrated within the walls of Ferguson's own office, the prime example being his assistant "Thanksgiving Day Massacre." On the heels of the demolition of Hodge and Goldsworthy to the Rangers' New Haven farm team—where Cronin already was—Ferguson followed with a controversial demanding that Olin Colton (usually "Yank") to the Rangers faithful, at a time so low until then the Canadiens putting Yank Cronin out to pasture in mid-season. Ultimately, Colton moved to return for a public relations job at the Garden where, on his spare time, he scores off the record Ferguson pre-dinner.

But the strongest Ferguson alibi runs only 30 miles away at Nassau Coliseum, where the only 30-year-old New York Islanders relentlessly mobbed their 52-year-old Manhattan neighbor. "The Rangers can easily talk about rebuilding, then go out and sign middle-aged defencemen like Duffin Smith," said New York Post columnist Larry Brooks. "The Islanders, the team that might win the Stanley Cup this season—don't talk about rebuilding at all. They just do it."

Apout from a couple of promising

rookies, most of the Rangers' rebuilding has centered on Esposito, the \$284,000-a-year captain who has surrounded himself with so many ex-Bruins (Vadnais, Don Awrey, Smith and until recently Rodge) that the Rangers' dressing room might be mistaken for Boston Garden. There's also talk that new Madison Square Garden boss David (Sonny) Wirtz will be paying roughly \$475,000 a year each to Andre Holberg and Ulf Nilsson of the team's job, which would make a difference that does, like all other Rangers' hopes, is not serious.

Paul Gaudin, who has attended 1,000 consecutive Rangers home games and is the very soul of gloom, puts it this way: "Twenty or 30 years ago, the Rangers had players like Len Fox, and Bill Mac, who would throw themselves in front of a subway train to stop the other team from scoring. Alex Koltan would clock himself into the boards if nobody was around. Today, these guys don't want to do anything. I never tell anyone I care about all the Rangers games. I've seen—just my lucky stars I've experienced."

STAFF WRITER RICHARD FREEMAN

We were just taking pictures of a wedding in Crete when...



The father of the bride asked us to join in the fun. Join them we did, for two solid days of laughing and eating and dancing and being Greek. That was our introduction to the ancient island kingdom of Crete, home of the dead Minotaur in his labyrinth.

It wasn't what we expected. We'd been told that the best way to really see Crete was by bus. So we did, and met the friendliest people whenever we went, and saw more of the countryside than we'd even hoped to.

Everywhere, it seemed we were invited to wassail, skan dore, wass, eat, charter a cabaret, or just relax in the sun on miles of deserted beach.



I think this is where the wedding took place...we saw so many churches!

Well, almost deserted, from time to time, we shared our stretch of beach with a couple of sunbaked little boys in search of buried treasure. Or with a family that, with a smattering of broken English, told us they thought it rather nice we'd chosen Crete to visit.



We took this shot shortly after dawn, as we had the beach to ourselves.



In Heraklion, we visited the Archaeological Museum where we saw frescoes dating back to the days of King Minos.

In the city itself, we were stunned by its contrasts. One view might be dominated by proud Venetian buildings, another by a busy shopping promenade, yet another by a peaceful village square ringed with quiet cafes.

By day, we immersed ourselves in the history of the island.

By night, we visited the island's tavernas and were caught up in the atmosphere created by a people who exist to enjoy life.

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The people of Greece want you to visit. Not just once, but whenever you can, just as you do with friends.



This is one of the places we stayed...typical of Cretan hotels.

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Greece



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Music

Like father, like sons

At an age when most of their contemporaries are doggedly trying to leave the cloud shadows to the Eagles' greatest hit, guitarist Rob Pinch, 21, and his bone-playing brother, Dave, 13, are becoming accepted as full-fledged members of the

if they wished, they probably could work seven days a week, every week. They don't. But even when they're not playing professionally they're still obsessed by music. Rob picks out lush guitar parts every morning and is studying composition.



Rob (left) and Dave Pinch arriving for a '60 Minutes Live' show; guitar studios

lucrily competitors. Toronto pop/jazz fraternity. The brothers have never lacked work since each turned pro at age 16, and each now earns about \$15,000.

Initially, the reputation of their father—roadman Donnie Pinch, one of music's most in-demand studio players—helped them find work. Many musicians had literally known them from infancy. But, as Rob says, "When you're getting \$400 for an afternoon's work you're not going to get it just because you're somebody's son."

The brothers have proven themselves dependable, disciplined and able to play in a variety of styles. Initially, however, Rob is a connoisseur on a pig's ass as can be seen daily. He has backed Marvin ("The Song") Hankins at Hamilton Place after only two rehearsals and is featured on the newest album by Hugobert Hardy. Lucky, bearded brother Dave plays far more jazz.

Their father "took us to sessions from the time we were six," according to Rob Pinch. But their skills are the end product of years of hard work. Rob studied guitar from the time he was six, while Dave, who is largely self-taught, was a late bloomer—he didn't take up bass until he was seven, and even then he was advised that he had to learn the massive instrument on his side to reach the stage pep.

while Dave is taking piano lessons to give him more technical skill. As Dave says, "If people tell me I play well for my age it's not enough. I compare myself to the pros and want to play better." BEN WALKMAN

Strioty speaking

On a wintry New York day in 1952, Webb poet Dylan Thomas referred into a recording studio at the behest of two Vauxhall ladies, plunked himself down in front of a microphone and recorded a biting version of *A Child's Christmas in Wales*. He left a bottle of good Scotch. The recording, eventually sold more than 500,000 copies, is the best-known spoken-word record company in the world. This company has since traced close to 1,000 other titles, with J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit* and *Lord of the Rings* having surpassed the durable Thomas story as the company's best seller.

Another development in Canadian comes from the growing list of recordings by Canadian authors, including Margaret Atwood, Irving Layton and Mordecai Richler. The most recent addition (from

action to her) is Christopher Plummer's affectionate reading of Stephen Leacock's *Goodnight Goodnight*. "The stories just rolled off the top of my head," says Plummer. "The only problem was trying to make a straight face because the stuff was so funny." The most successful Canadian release thus far has been Mordecai Richler's *Joseph Two Men* (The Montreal Star) (also read by Plummer) with sales of 5,000 copies in Canada.

The Canadian operation remains modest (1977 sales \$200,000), producing only two titles independent of the New York parent. The *Timeless Song For Radio*, which sold a respectable 10,000 copies and Layton, a major disappointment which sold barely half of its 10,000-copy pressing. Production is generally handled in New York, a fact dismissed by Robbin Ross, president of D. C. Heath, the associate company that oversees Canadian in Canada. "The main thrust is getting Canadians on Canadian and selling internationally."



Lee recording in his own words

High hopes are held for the spring release of Donald Lee's excerpt from his delightful children's books *Adventures in the Kitchen* and *Garbage Bright*. It is hoped by Canadian that Lee's inability book sales will help them crack the bookstore chain. Even without such large distribution, however, Canadian has always prospered. "We're not a loss operation," says company president Carol Brothert, adding that "many things we do are for love of love, things we believe should be available. We're not a book that's belittled to by your children and grandchildren." It's a thought that should please Lee and even evoke the cranky old ghost of Dylan Thomas. MICHAEL PERRY

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When you come home hungry, he'll have your dinner ready



When you come home hungry, he'll have your dinner ready

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Canadian authored book that costs \$3.00 or more. The bookstore has a wide selection of books eligible for HALF BACK rebates and will be glad to help you make a choice and turn your Wintario tickets into savings.

Here's how to get your HALF BACK rebate on magazines.

A descriptive HALF BACK leaflet is available at participating bookstores. Many Wintario ticket outlets will at your regional office of the Ontario Ministry of Culture and Recreation. It has an order form attached.

In the leaflet, you'll find a list and description of the Canadian magazines that are eligible for the rebate. Simply make your choice (fill out the form and send it off with your endorsed

Wintario tickets and a cheque for the balance).

When does HALF BACK start? When does it end? And what tickets are eligible?

HALF BACK is a three month program sponsored by the Ontario Ministry of Culture and Recreation. It starts on January 20 and ends April 12, 1978.

Tickets for \$3.00 or more drawn will be eligible (JANUARY 19 - MARCH 2, FEBRUARY 2 - MARCH 18, FEBRUARY 18 - MARCH 30). Tickets for the January 19 draw go on sale January 6. The last day tickets can be turned in for rebate under the program is April 12, 1978.

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Education

When in Canada, do as the Canadese do

An Italian *laburaro* was desperately searching the construction site for some old *buli-forno* and an *orologio* of dead piping. He was having a rotten day. First he got out of gas on the way to work. Then he discovered he'd forgotten his *borsetto*. Then, as if that weren't enough, he was late getting back from buying his *broccia* and the important *giornale* about the "Abbraccio" (Small wonder that in his situation, he tripped over some *beetle* and broke his leg).

Get that? The odd-looking words are neither Italian (Italian) nor English (English) but a little of both. They are *lingua franca*—a hybrid language created by working class immigrants, which recently acquired the ultimate responsibility. It became the object of research. Soon it will be brought together for the first time in a book by University of Toronto professor, Guiseppe Clivio that will include a dictionary of the 2000 words and expressions currently in circulation. Clivio explains that the flood of poorer Italian immigrants to Canada developed their own language by inserting English words into the grammatical structure of their native tongue. The result was a linguistic accommodation taken place where one language collides with another. *Laburaro* is the first to provide a dictionary in Canada, mostly because of a sensitive site by the Canadians (191-360) in the 1970s anyway, who name Italian as their first language.

Laburaro will serve only as long as there are large groups of first-generation *laburaro* in Canada, but it has been an indispensable part of their cultural integration. Many Italian immigrants, among them small towns and speaking dialect instead of standard Italian, found they had to make up new words for things they had not known or used in Italy. So *laburaro* became a word. Work men's Conversation Board became *conversazione*. Even when not conversing Italian word created immigrants came to prefer the Italian. "They regard English as desirable," says Clivio. "They adapt English words almost as a device to appear more elegant."

Until a few years ago, *laburaro* was little known outside the Italian community. Speakers of standard Italian looked down on it. Italian academics shuddered at its impurity. But in the last decade the sons and daughters of the early immigrants started to arrive as university and enroll in Italian courses. They brought with them special educational problems. Tina Tio, a 29-year-old University of Toronto student majoring in French and Italian,



Clivio, with Tina Tio, is a *laburaro*, and it isn't Italian, but it isn't English.

has the complex linguistic background of many of these students. Although born in Canada, she spoke only Italian dialect until she started school. As she grew up she continued to speak dialect with her parents but English with her friends. She wasn't even aware that her Italian was liberally spiced with Italian until she enrolled in an Italian course. "Nobody ever raised eyebrows when I spoke," she says. "But then I was speaking with the professor that converted *laburaro*."

The University of Toronto, Canada's largest and oldest centre of Italian studies

with 1,000 students, established the first special course for dialect and Italian spoken in 1972. Professor drew up a list of the most common Italian words and drilled the students with the proper Italian equivalent. Italian studies departments in universities across the country watched with interest, but so far only one, McMaster in Hamilton, has followed University of Toronto's example—despite its obvious success in helping to break down the psychological barrier many *laburaro* students have developed toward learning standard Italian. Says lecturer Donatello Perinopoli, "They have to understand what they speak is not inferior, but it is Italian!"

ANGELA FERRANTE

It's all quite simple, really

English	Italian	Italian	French/Italian
blue jeans	marino	blugine	jeanblague
brunch	colazione	bricchi	bricchi
coffee	caffè	caffè	caffè
tomato	cappuccino	tomato	tomato
fresh beef	petate fritte	bricchi	bricchi
gasoline	benzina	gas	gas
grapefruit	arancia	grapefruit	grapefruit
hurry up	bricchi	bricchi	bricchi
beach	spiaggia	beach	beach
balcony	balcone	balcony	balcony
hair cut	capelli	capelli	capelli
mortgage	ipoteca	ipoteca	ipoteca
retire	previdenza	previdenza	previdenza
two-by-four	trave	trave	trave



Ministry of
Culture and
Recreation
Ontario

For appearance's sake

Suddenly it's okay to be looking good again

By Barbara Amiel



At 7 a.m. the clock radio set in a rooming house goes on. The mellow rock sounds of Jackson Browne end around a room filled with smiling students and photos of Delphy Tregula's camp mates last summer and the synchroed swimming team she coaches. People stay just a half hour longer means Jackson Browne, but Delphy, 14, quashes the seductive suggestion and struggles out of bed. She has a 90-minute schedule to complete before leaving for her school in suburban Etobicoke, Ontario.

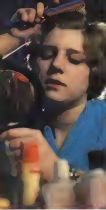
"From seven to seven-ten I wash. I get dressed from seven-ten to seven-twenty. All the week's outfits are chosen on Sunday but still it takes time to pull the look together. Then I plug in the curling iron. I make my bed from seven-twenty to seven-thirty-five. Then I put on my makeup: blusher, powder, eye shadow, eyeliner, mascara—chosen to coordinate with my clothes. From seven-fifty to eight is breakfast. By that time my makeup is on and I can check for adjustments and fix up my accessories. At eight-thirty my friend Jeanne Haywood (top right) is already getting ready [picks me up for school]."

"A year ago we couldn't get her out of faded jeans," says Delphy's father, Peter. "So I didn't mind all the fussing if it gets away from the grubby look she adored." Not do readers misinterpreters and a whole network of suburban parents caught in on the growing desire of Canadians to look good. Though not all Canadians are spending the same time at their make-up table as Madame de Beauport—on Delphy Tregula—clearly the downward-spiral look of the early Seventies has given way to the now-as-possible look of the late Seventies. "More and more girls are wearing denim, nylon, high heels and pleated skirts," explains a counselor at Maple High School in Vancouver. "And for the boys, long hair is out. Even blue jeans are pressed and clean."

But it's not just the collegiate and campus set that is closing up its act. Barry Bendayan, 24, an assistant manager at Toronto's Olympus Carpets, makes a little more than \$15,000 a year and won't spend less than \$100 on a pair of shoes. Ambitious and determined to get up the main agency ladder, when Bendayan's not studying the minutiae of finance at night school he studies the minutiae of beige at the more expensive disco clubs. "Look

Olson cheerfully undergoing a "power" at Headlines (left), Haywood and Tregula (right) all make up and style their hair for another school day; neothene counts





ing good," says Bendig, "and knowing how to be at ease in social situations helps in getting ahead in life." His date, Myle Mager, 23, a university service graduate, left the uncertainties of her two-year career as a research chemist for a secure \$13,000 job as manager of Jean Pierre Tailors. Her studio apartment rents for \$240 a month. The rest of her salary, apart from food and necessities, goes mainly on clothes and haircuts at Toronto's high-fashion, expensive (wash and set alone \$20 to \$40) Michael Kraler Hair Salon.

On a typical 60-second Fashion episode, she and he go from the 1990s in skirts to the 1970s burlesque awarded misspelling. What's new this time is that the Neotopia Revolution of 1970s comes all the second and generation leaders with a sway that makes Mary Queen's coal-buck cycloids seem barely there. Today's Neotopia Revolution is not limited to North America's teen-agers or even the under-30 set. This time, it's a joyful choir of entrepreneurs and cash registers: the fashion is for everyone. It's renewed interest in appearance based on narcissism and pragmatism—the combination glue of our times. Getting a job is what counts in these recession-plagued days and so looking good, though not without its trendy face lift, is more than just a fall fashioning good.

Treggie beginning her every-out-of-day routine very much a child of her time

about personal economic survival.

The State of the Spandex: The dress is chocolate brown with confetti dots on white under and hanging plants. The emphasis is always on clever and serious. This is the age of the man's heavy-taken with cytochrome cun rapping from The Muppet and The Shaker to two-hour joints in rollers and permanent wave salons for The Weave or Root Perm. Once seen as the exclusive territory of homosexuals, today's salon features clients in pea coats under heat lamps who are just as likely to be happily married fathers of three going into shape for television's headstrong teenager. At Toronto's Headlines salon, high-school teacher Ken Olsen, 35, is comfortably in his periscope. Next to him, Claude Harrell, 32, a specialist in bookbinding and restoration work, is getting a better treatment. "I grew up in a farm in Saskatchewan," says Harrell, "and if anyone had suggested I'd be sitting under a hair dryer with a plastic bag over my head I'd have balked. But now days I think it's just taking care of ourselves." Explains Paul Book, 29, a marketing rep at time: "I try to wash and blow dry my hair every morning before work. It makes me feel better and so more confident."

It's a growing sentiment. Last year, according to the Free Product Profile Service, 113,000 Canadian men purchased electric hair curlers for personal use and \$1,000 red-blooded male Canada forked out



Mager and Bendig of a Toronto salon (above), looking good and thankful. **Treggie** (right) under the dryer at **Headlines** (right) being manured by the **Van Gladi** (right) in the background

more than one million dollars for their own lighted makeup mirrors. Cosmetics for men are growing too—though no one actually wants to cut eyebrows, make and maintain a mustache. The approved item is "grooming aids" like even here things are loosening up. Two years ago the men's line of Avon's fragrances and skin treatment products called its mustache "an after-shave treatise." This year Avon is calling a mustache a "mustache." Last spring we discussed men's grooming aids on a Winnipeg television show," says Richard Rodenick of Avon, "and the wordboard was jammed with hundreds of male callers wanting skin analysis."

But grooming and cosmetics are only half the story. Teen-agers or middle-aged men want a total look. Explains Rudy Watt of Hedding-Johnson Ltd., a company specializing in looking management and accessories: "The 50 and 60 year olds have stopped trying to look like 20-year-olds. They realize they'll have the power. And the younger men realize their career management in almost all major corporations is run by men born before 1925 and they set the pace and the environment. So hair is putting cars and blazers and suits are

swam." On the junior level, department stores are getting used to young male customers trading in with photographs from Givens's Givens. When a Toronto teen-ager walked into the 317 Shop in the Bay in January, he told manager Victor Pinsky that he wanted "The New York Army look." For a pair of jeans right and had \$180 to get it. Two sales clerks later he walked happily out clanking his khaki cargo pants and a plaid flannel shirt layered over a solid T-shirt. "He'll get the shirt done," said a saleswoman. "I'll look like you're not off the wire."

The Female of the Species: Last November two New York *Glamour* magazine editors gold chains and talk blowies in place, swooped down on Vancouver's Eastside to hold workshops on "woman's advantage." Five hundred women charged from 18 to 50 years of age packed the salons to listen intently to psychologist Stephen Cook's lecture on women's need to save herself and develop her own style. The audience, modestly interested in hair and bequeathed models, participated down the runway in a fashion show accompanied by a commentary titled "What Kind Of Woman Are You?" All the bombast and single-mindedness of the *Sevens* fantasies seemed long gone. In fact, while early feminists burned bras, contemporary ones are doing out visible shanks of money for the privilege of wearing them. Exposure hair and ribbon-trimmed hair give in a big seller from Halifax to Van-

It's Alan Maitland and Barbara Frum, As It Happens.



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Kelly, the new Miss Canada, develops her young ladies talent and Toronto model Garry Baker imports her wisdom (above): the tyranny of fashion was never dead; it was merely asleep



on are reading our shock waves of books designed to let readers how to stretch out every remaining inch of their lives. Titles range from *The Slave*

You Live In by Norman Galdston, m.d. to The New York One Of The World's Most Famous Models Slave You Run To Me (m.d. Four Total Appearance by super model Whitehouse). In Canada these books have done remarkably well. *Looking Good* has sold 5,000 copies (that's enough to make it a Canadian best seller) at \$17.95 each. And the buyers are not simply the gay chic crowd. Says Patricia Woodward of *Parade's* books in Vancouver's area and "The books' being bought by straight-upwardly mobile young businessmen. They grew up under the hippy influence when growing and man-nervous about dirty words. Now they're going to a peak in their lives while they've realized that they need to look good to get ahead."

The cross-cultural personality in Canada as new concern with appearance has affected the domestic magazine market as well. Established magazines such as *Charm* have changed their preoccupation with the plight of oppressed women (typical titles in one issue last year: *Does A Federal Wife Be A Real Person?* and *How To Survive Your Mother's Menopausal*) and given to a 1978 *Charm* woman who is released. Several and definitely "making it." Says *Charm* editor Mildred Jones "In our 50th anniversary issue we're showing lady's going with the culture. *Does* we try it—a return to femininity." New *Charm* features magazines such as *Charm* and *Woman's Life*. *Charm* has reported increased ad sales (as has the revamped *Miss* *Charm*) and *Parade* plans to go national this year.

Even the academics are heeding. There's a whole growth industry called social psychology study with histories of men to "prove" (in case common sense has deserted you) that looking good is an advantage in life. Back to the capitalist States, social psychologists shed away from studying the relationship between physical attractiveness and success. From the University of Toronto professor R. D. D. "Like others in that period, social psychologists felt that what was beneath the surface to believe that physical attractiveness should matter, so there was a reluctance to study the subject." But as with re-dyed jeans and stream for Canadians such complex soon faded. Now a 1972-73 study by D. D. indicates that even preschoolers distinguish between attractive and non-attractive people and are attracted to people as more socially and less aggressive. Other studies indicate that attractive people are perceived as higher more friendly, poised, strong and more likely to succeed in life.

So do return to makeup and grooming may have a practical base in a job-hungry world where getting ahead is increasingly tough. And who knows, maybe the un-disciplined thought processes that have belittled our schools and institutions for the past half-dozen years will "mean up" along with dress pants and hairless

The Assumption of Survival

Neanderthal, now there was a man. A squat, shaggy, beetle-browed fellow whose average life span was about 29 years, his species showed amazing ingenuity to adapt and survive from 110,000 B.C. to 35,000 B.C. He created weapons, lived in rock shelters or built homes and reverently buried his dead. As an early forerunner of modern man, he supported his family hunting and gathering. In the evening, around the cooking fire, there was talk and laughter. For Neanderthal man and woman, survival was never assumed — it was always a struggle for food, shelter and life. Their only insurance in this task was their own human planning for the needs of yet another tomorrow.



Today, of course, our survival needs are more complex. We not only want to care for our families from day to day, but to provide for them when we can no longer "hunt." This provision for survival cannot be assumed, but must be planned for. Life insurance is one of the main tools for this task.

But to be truly effective, this tool must be wielded with precision which requires special insights. Insights. It's a word we at ManuLife use to describe the personal care, planning and creativity we bring to bear on your insurance needs.

Think about insights into insurance from ManuLife — one of the key tools today to provide thousands of homeowners for your family.

Insights into Insurance

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Health

Your eyes may be trying to tell you something

For most of the 20th century, the North American medical community has been divided into two warring factions: ophthalmologists versus proponents of "bio-bio-bio-bio-bio" Or as they call one another "the clinic" and "the quack." Complete polarization was probably reached in 1969 when a group of radical doctors and medical students invoked into a special meeting of the American Medical Association, seized the microphone and harangued the gathering for its "ultraconservative" and "concomitant to expensive technology."

The dissidents departed amid a barrage of adverbs.

Since then, due mostly to the excessive use of the words-to-nature movement in the past decade, there has been a bewildering parade of "holistic" ("alternative" or "underground") or "naturalist" medical practices. Some were as insane as they were short-lived while others involved the development of old techniques. Perhaps the best known of the reclamation is acupuncture, perhaps the most recent is iridology, the examination of the iris of the

eye to diagnose physiological disorders. In the past few months iridologists such as Los Angeles Dr. C. Lloyd Sorensen have started to turn up on talk shows in the United States and Canada. The first layman's book on the subject, *The Iridology Connection* by American Joann Maxwell, should be available by summer.

The eye has been called the window to the soul. Less poetically, iridologists call it the map to the body's trouble spots. Though most doctors routinely give into their patients' eyes, iridologists say only a

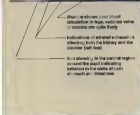
The examinations and interpretations... of the iris are those of Dr. Lloyd Sorensen, who also provided the elaborate eye chart below. His diagnosis was that the patient before him is a person who has been overworked and is in the early stages of a heart attack.

Dark indentations around top of the pupil indicating stress on the rear wall of the stomach.

Indication of weakness of heart muscle, probably from anemia.

Muscle fibers under the iris are contracting, and primary nerve fibers, creating folds, this suggests tension—stress in the case of the patient in question.

The flattened periphery means a poor quality of blood (anemia).



Power for the future?

We've got the sun in the morning and the moon at night...

The heat of the sun, the tidal force of the moon and the power of the winds may play future roles in Canada's energy picture. But their use on a commercial scale is still a long way off. A lot of research remains to be done and research takes time and money.

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The sun, the moon and the winds may some day make significant contributions to Canada's power supply. In the meantime we need to make sure the supply is sufficient to meet the demands of a growing Canada.



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fraction of what can be seen in our considered as standard diagnosis. They believe that the era requires us a sort of engine. Sub-a-Sketch that monitors impressions from all over the body. Analysis of the nature, coloration and markings of the iris can be used, they say, as both a chart of the patient's medical history and an early warning system for physical ailments. Some examples: dark rings on a patient's nose suggest stress (30 years ago those rings meant deep emotional disturbance, now stress is anything a patient who fractures a bone will develop a black line on the iris that fades in a year, permanent dot at the nape of the neck, a yellow haze surrounding the pupil indicates that drug medication is trapped in the body. Other irregularities (red-colored spots, loose fibers, clouded) can point to anything from cancer to weakness. In the case of Sirkerback's test results of an eye analysis can be corroborated by examination of the iris (the area behind the pupil) and then, depending on the patient and doctor, by other tests, some conventional, some white-lens. Dr. Lou Roy, a Toronto physician who switched to natural diagnosis and healing methods 20 years ago, says radiology, while certainly not a panacea, is a foolproof and inexpensive diagnostic tool.

The North American medical community, however, is far more skeptical. Neither the American nor Canadian medical associations has taken an official position on the subject and the chairman of the ophthalmology department at the University of Toronto's medical school, Dr. Charles McCulloch, says he is not a member of the practice. Adm. Dr. Chris Morrison, secretary of the Canadian Ophthalmological Society "We consider radiology more akin to astrology than to science. It's all a bit of a hoax."

Itaxx, an anti-radiology has been practiced and studied in Europe since the first radiology chart was developed in the early 1800s. There are now an estimated 10,000 European practitioners though North America has only about 1,000, most of them in the United States. Toronto's Roy says wider acceptance of the method may result from a current marriage of natural medicine and technology: the Bioptic Corporation of Utah is putting the findings together on a computerized system for analyzing the iris and nose. Lou Roy's Sirkerback specializes that the electronic system could put computer technicians into doctors' offices—making specialized iris diagnosis available even to skeptics.

In any case, plans are underway that may cause a small white flag to flutter between "the club" and "the outside." Roy has been invited to lecture this month by the International Academy of Preventive Medicine. He will teach the first course on radiology offered by a North American physician and most of his students will be orthodox physicians—at least they will be before they enter the classroom.

Labor

Well, that's gratitude for you

John Munro hopes 1978 is not a replay of 1972. That was the year Munro, then Canada's health minister, suffered a bitter setback trying to push a reform package through parliament before it was dissolved for the election. Called real (family income Security Plan), his legislation was a reasonable enough proposal to take the baby steps away from the rich to give more to the poor. But parliament never liked to take anything away from anyone, especially just before an election, and so a vote of censure by the opposition and even more Liberal gunged up on fire and killed it. Munro was shunted.

Six years later, Munro is trying to start another reform package through parliament—but this time first. This time the package, which Munro calls his "14 points," is a series of changes to Canada's labor laws and practices to protect workers' rights. While directly affecting only 500,000 employees in national industries such as oilfields, surface and communications (provincial labor codes cover everyone else), the 14 points set an important precedent for provinces to follow. Among the most forceful clauses are the right of a unionized employee to appeal to a government arbitrator over unjust job dismissal, the right of an employee to refuse to work in conditions he considers

unsafe, job protection for pregnant women, the establishment of impartial (government-business-labor) committees to study matters such as occupational health and "the quality of work life."

Munro's problem this time is not with parliament. The legislation incorporating most of his 14 points was given quick approval in principle last before Christmas. Munro must content, instead, with the opposition of business leaders. Obviously, doesn't seem the provincial labor departments getting any ideas) and labor. Mostly labor. Paradoxically, union leaders have stated as condemning measures that mean, on the surface at least, to be favorable to workers. The day Munro introduced the legislation, Joe Munro, president of the 2.3 million-member Canadian Labor Congress, issued a demagogic press release. He singled out the wage-disincentive clause for criticism, saying it "looks out a false hope for non-unionized workers." Presumably, many union leaders admitted their worry that non-union workers, if led to believe their jobs are protected by the government, might be less likely to sign union cards.

The union's position can be traced back to the imposition of the wage-price controls in 1975. Controls robbed them of a primary reason for existing: bargaining for higher wages. So unions began to emphasize job protection and work conditions. There are the areas Munro is now trying to upgrade by legislation. "It isn't much of a moral help to accept Munro's initiatives as another part of a plot to undermine unions," says Ed Fox of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railroad Workers. "That conspiracy theory is held by many union leaders who aren't prone to paranoia."

Still, Munro remains optimistic that labor can be won over. "When they see that this is in their interest," he says, "they're going to grab it and run with it." Then again, another clever strategy may soon be underway, in which case Munro's 14 points, his first, will end up hanging on the shelf.

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Books

A drop in the ocean

TRANSATLANTIC BLUES
by Willard Green
(Dorset \$9.95)

In appearance he is the perfect combination of American Tough and New York Literary Willard Green. Most would be surprised to find a building cock, baritone scolding that when someone descending to his shoulder, heavy black-rimmed glasses and almost always a Hoyt or Monty cap in his hand. In contemporary American literature he has proved on top of a formidable career: critic, journalist, confessor, author, and now his seventh novel, *Transatlantic Blues*.

Personal data is not relevant in discussing Green's work if only because his novels rely so strongly on the plot of his real life and personal circumstances that on occasion they read like fictionalized autobiography. Green was born in England where his parents had a business. Canada publishing house An American branch was established and so Green became a contracter schooled in Pennsylvania during the war years and Oxford in the early 1950s. Breakouts of interest (Dorset one day and Agence the next) were rare. *Transatlantic Blues* takes this in light evidence in its first line: Money (not Pen) did it. Chastity is an internationally celebrated television personality, born in England, working between London and New York, appearing over his childhood and reading in and reading the late vices of modern penmanship.

But small things and big talents. Green's novels suffer from the limitations of his subject matter. If he were blessed with the extraordinary genius that makes the writing of a book secondary then readers could be convinced by Green's recollections of Anglo-American school life or New York media experience. If on the other hand, Green described events of great scope or significance, his underdeveloped competence as a writer would suffice. (One example of this is *Transatlantic Blues*, a series of complete rather than partial, but



Green and Green's books problem is that some things are too small to handle.

where Green in *Dorset Blues* was overwhelmed. As for the reader, an ever-widening stream of Green's work is constantly connected with Green's work, his insatiable confidence in his own work is a constant world-between-comers. It is the world of a skilled and accomplished writer, but not who is concentrating for all he is worth on how to make the next sentence work. It does, but we see the effort.

—MICHAEL POULIN

How they play the game

reprinted from *THE*
by Ian McKee (Dorset Publishing \$9.95)

The most impressive thing about Earl McKee's excellent first collection of magazine sports stories is not his writing, which is very good, or the architecture of his work, which is brilliant, but his sense of timing. Writing for deadlines six or eight

weeks ahead of publication permits him to use journalistic insight opportunity to pull out their prose. But it also imposes a severe constraint on their ability to research freely. By dint of observation or luck—probably a bit of both—McKee somehow contrives to tap that considerable fund. At any rate, these stories, originally published in *The Canadian* and *Sport*, stand up. McKee got to Derek Sanderson and Phil Esposito. (After dozens of books, you after their appearances arrived in New York with the lovely Rangers. He talked to Bobby Orr just after his battered left knee collapsed for the first time after the final game. He watched his way into Mark (The Band) Fildes's hospital room during the Detroit Red Wings' recovery from knee surgery. He'll be the sportsman on the coast when after Fildes for interviews, McKee was not to pull it off.)

What binds these stories together is the sense of athletes in motion. Esposito, overnight and overpaid, George Chalmers nearly 40 and unable to give up boxing, and Orr and Fildes with their wounded knees. The sense of collapse is suggested clearly in the titles: all it requires is talent, wit, and a complaint.

More than almost any magazine sportswriter in the country McKee catches his subjects at a moment of grace and profound awareness. But with the knowledge, the last recognition that muscle cannot last. His athletes are real personalities, vain, foolish and selfish just like the rest of us.

—MICHAEL POULIN

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST FICION

- 1 *The Silverfist*, Teller (1)
- 2 *Act of God*, Teller (2)
- 3 *The Honourable Schoolboy*, Le Carre (3)
- 4 *The Thin Red Line*, McCullough (4)
- 5 *Si Pasa*, O. A. Ray, Adams
- 6 *Dorian Martin*, Fowler (5)
- 7 *Deanna*, O. A. Ray, Adams
- 8 *Deanna*, O. A. Ray, Adams
- 9 *Goodbye*, Calvino, Malraux (6)
- 10 *Beggars*, Tolst. Shaw (7)

NONFICION

- 1 *Sam Thomson*, Teller (1)
- 2 *The Dorian Years*, Teller (2)
- 3 *All Things Were And Wonderful*, Mervin (3)
- 4 *Our Canada* (Volume 3), Johnston (4)
- 5 *Our Life*, Johnston (5)
- 6 *The Book of Life*, Johnston (6)
- 7 *Remembering The Farm*, Anderson (7)
- 8 *The Guinness Book of World Records*, Guinness (8)
- 9 *The Country Diary Of An Edwardian Lady*, Johnston (9)
- 10 *Our Canada* (Volume 3), Johnston (10)

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Diabetes must be cured.

Take a long, hard look at the Western Liberal. It may be your last chance

Column by Allan Fotheringham

There was Caesar and there was Alf Landon and there were the Denver Broncos. And then there was the Liberal in Western Canada. Born loose and destined to die on the barren soil of self. Almost eager in their enthusiasm, carefully rehearsed impatience, for failure. Who was the general, winking a doomed recipient with heavy lids in distraction by German machine-gun fire in World War I, who retorted: "I'm on fire!" and he has nothing to do with soldiering. That's a perfect description of the Liberal Party, the most powerful political machine this country has ever seen in that electoral desert that stretches west of Thunder Bay. In the election of 1978, the official party that has difficulty emerging to rule this country for 41 of the past 57 years seems how managed to win just 13 of the 48 seats in the House of Commons that are supposed to be the bargaining chips of the future.

To the election to come this spring, they will be lucky to win eight—once with the redistribution that acknowledges the surging population of Alberta and British Columbia. There has hardly been a time when the Liberals have been so unpopular in the West, there has scarcely been a time when they so richly deserved it.

The Liberals have been so long at the top they've forgotten the process that fuel the bottom. The remarkable slide started slipping up at the provincial level and with-out the great momentum to let us step and economic had coffee the federal machine took down to a slow, spinning stop. The Liberals have lost a provincial government in Manitoba in 1980, an election in 1981, and in Alberta since 1981.

(They've lost that much more elsewhere. They haven't been in power since 1943 in Ontario, where they have only 34 of 123 seats. They have only 11 of 61 seats in Saskatchewan, only 26 of 110 in Quebec. It's generally forgotten that they now govern in only two major provinces—Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.)

But in the West, however, where the true enemy of the cluster stand is waiting to walk, the Liberals in Saskatchewan are in decline, in Manitoba in hiding, in Alberta they're invisible and in Calgary a pronounced species.

In Manitoba the provincial Grays are down to one lone eagle, Lloyd Axworthy, a

former Prime Minister aide in Ottawa who spends his week every day checking his watch to determine the date of the next federal election so he can abandon the lost cause and seek a federal seat. An internal autopsy after last fall's election revealed that the Liberals sought the campaign while in chaos, with campaign material lost or mislaid and nothing left in normal.

In Alberta, the Liberals do not exist. The last living one left the province with Anne Sophie McPherson and has never re-



tained. No one has missed them. In fact, there is again just one viable unit left in the legislature, Gordon Gibson, who can hold his caucus in a phone booth. A former Trudeau aide, he is also eyeing the mouth of Dawson as a way out of this oblivion.

Saskatchewan, the last Liberal holdout on the prairies, where Russ Thatcher was a power just across your age? It is to laugh. The party is well along on its appointed task of self-destruction and will disappear at the next election onto the swamp hole that enveloped an adjacent province. A bitter leadership fight between Tony Menzies, the business brother-in-law of Otto Lang, and eventual winner Ted Malott, visited the party. There have been three by-election losses and two defections to the Tories. It is now Dick Collier's Tories, who shot up from 2% to 28% of the vote in 1975, who are the obvious threat to Allen Blakeney, the last vestige of party in the country.

The cocktail party atmosphere (I paid one, principally) that has so prevailed the Liberal provincial scene recently has af-

fected the federal prospects. In Saskatchewan, the Grays will be lucky to elect one probably Axworthy. The wandering star, James Richardson, latest example of the Post-Communist Bleeding Atonia Canada syndrome, is not wanted by the Tories, who perceive even deeper trouble to their Quebec chances if they adopted this strange anti-francophone bird.

In Saskatchewan, Otto Lang, surely keeping a rather low profile these days, may be able to help run the party's there seat, Alberta? On present form, current Jack Hunter will lose his Crowfoot seat unless he abandons all trade and commerce except in Ottawa and returns on horse to the riding Calgary East is a possibility.

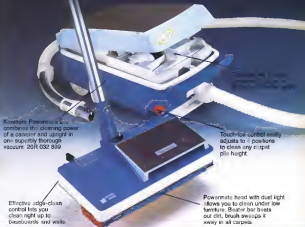
It is in fact—with eight seats pending presently all the Liberal strength in the West—this Armageddon, indeed. Of these eight, five are in deep danger. Of those five, Justice Minister Ron Basford was the one with the largest majority—1,900 votes in 1978—though that had been slipping steadily through three elections—and he is now swinging. Another seat has a cushion of only 484 votes, another 340, yet another one won on a recount with just 57 votes.

With an electoral Dinkels in the cards, Liberal ministers have lost their taste for the bubble. Richardson jumped overboard and is still sending water. Basford's departure means the senior minister in the cabinet is Ron Pennington, who's from the Seaway and he's in the Seaway because the AC waters rejected him. There's one, with the departure of John Turner and Jean-Luc Pepin, not a single Liberal minister who can speak in the West with any credibility. (For Trudeau's own command respect, let's be honest to clear to understand: Western Canada, that he was 30 years ago.) Blomert has not emerged yet as a rising power if he ever will.

The consequence—unless Trudeau can pull his plying act, act once more and Jan Chak tries to catch a football, put on cowboy boots or let his head as a low-dying liberation movement—is a party even more loved into Quebec against a hostile West. It's said. If the Tories fail, they'll lead West in a last look across the land.

When the Grays come calling with their ballot boxes this spring, they'll be walking into the machine guns.

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